

# PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES  
OF ADVENTURE.

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 168 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

No. 878.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1915.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE LITTLE DEMON;

OR

### PLOTTING AGAINST THE CZAR.

BY HOWARD AUSTIN,  
AND OTHER STORIES



When the negro turned his sloe-black eyes with their red pupils on the inventor the latter shrank back in fear. Ugh! that black giant could crush him with one hand. Again the masked man made a sign. From beneath his coat the negro now produced a bag, which he flung down on the table.



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## PLOTTING AGAINST THE CZAR

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE "LITTLE DEMON."

"Manette, Brittany."

The proprietor of the principal hotel at Rouen, on the river Seine, in France, glanced at the register after his just-arrived guest had written his name and address, and found it in these two words:

"Manette, Brittany."

"Just from Paris?" interrogatively said the landlord, seeing no reason why he should curb his curiosity regarding a person who wrote his name in such simple style.

Had the name been prefixed by a title, no doubt mine host would have been very obsequious and polite, and would have asked no questions. But there was no reason why he should be obsequious, or fawn upon a man who wrote his name "Manette, of Brittany," and so he asked:

"Just from Paris?"

"Yes."

"Pleasure brings you here?"

"Yes," in an impatient tone, as though he were annoyed by the questions put to him.

The landlord thought it politic to now try to gain some idea of how much money the stranger was going to leave in his hands, and being shrewd enough to see that his curiosity might work him financial harm, ceased asking personal questions.

"What can I do for monsieur? Monsieur wishes a room?"

"Yes; the best in the house, and I want to dine in my room."

After he had discussed the really good dinner which was prepared for him, the stranger left the hotel.

After turning a few corners, M. Manette found himself in the poorer part of the city, near the river front. His steady and unwavering progress, however, indicated that he knew where he was, and intended going precisely over the course he was following.

Finally, M. Manette cast a swift glance all about him, and then glanced up at a house facing the river and separated from it by only a short distance.

Over the door was a weather-beaten and nearly illegible sign:

DEFARGE,  
Boat Builder and Inventor.

We spoke of the building as a house. Perhaps it was a wrong use of the word, for while the upper floor was undeniably a house, inasmuch as M. Defarge ate and slept and lived there, the lower floor had two wide doors, that opened across the whole front, from which a track led to the river, by means of which were launched the vessels constructed in his workshop that occupied the ground floor.

M. Manette hammered on the door with the old-fashioned iron knocker; presently the door was opened cautiously, and a little wizened face appeared.

"Ah——!" began the owner of the wizened face, who was none other than Monsieur Defarge.

"I have come on the date you appointed. I hope M. Defarge is well and expecting me."

"Oui—I have been expecting you. Come in."

He held open the door, and Monsieur Manette glided quickly in.

Together the two men went back through a narrow passage for a short distance, then turned at right angles, and entered the workshop by a side door.

"She is ready!" exclaimed Defarge, with pride and exultation in his tone, and as he spoke he indicated by a wave of his hand a singular-looking craft resting on the low stocks.

"You believe her capable of accomplishing what you intended?"

"I would stake my life on it," said Defarge, warmly. "Monsieur will be pleased to remember that such vessels have been built successfully before, and I only claim credit for the motive power and the means of applying it."

"Very well. Now explain the craft to me in all its details."

"Let me enter, then," said the inventor, and approaching a ladder, Defarge led the way to the top, and descended into the interior of the vessel by means of steps placed there for the purpose.

Outwardly, the craft was of very singular appearance. It was simply a long tube of iron at both ends, and painted black.

Just where the front point had widened and was disappearing into the hull there was a backward sloping rise of perhaps twelve inches, the front of which was of thick but exquisitely clear glass. From the termination of the stern projected a shaft, at the end of which was a screw wheel. Just forward of this a little flange projected downwards out of the tube; a corresponding flange projected upward from the upper side of the tube, giving the whole of the stern of the vessel the appearance of the tail of an immense fish, with a wheel between the forks of the tail fin.

The depth of the craft did not exceed eight feet from the deck to the bottom, and her length might have been fifty feet.

Inside of her, on descending the stairs, there was found at the bottom a small compartment reserved for the stairway. Forward of this was a good-sized room, with a table in its center designed as a chart-room. Three steps upward took you into the pilot-house, with its wheel for steering, and an electric light so arranged that while the pilot's eyes were shielded from its glare, its powerful rays were shot ahead into the water not unlike a locomotive's headlight. In front of the pilot-house a descent of ten steps took you into a room, widest at the entrance, but gradually contracting as it stretched away toward the pointed bow. From the luxurious character of the fittings of this apartment it was evidently designed for the use of the owner of the craft.

Back of the space into which the stairs descended was a room at each side of which were bunks, the center of the room being given up to a table.



All this the inventor showed to M. Manette, if that was his name.

Calling his attention to the leaden boxes, Defarge told him that they were charged with electricity, containing a supply of motive power that would last two months, and showed him how, when one box was exhausted, another could be attached to the engine.

When Defarge had finished and turned to him with beaming face, evidently expecting some praise, M. Manette gravely said:

"Defarge, the theory is all right. When we have tested her, and find that your expectations are realized, I shall reward you in a manner that will be gratifying to you."

"You are very kind," was the reply.

"Everything has been placed on board—charts, compasses, provisions—everything?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"And the account between us—how does it stand?"

"I have still five thousand francs of monsieur's money in my possession."

"And you will be ready to try her to-night?"

"Oui."

M. Manette was cautiously let out by the inventor, and returned to his hotel. After the clock had struck ten that night he returned to Defarge's house.

"Your work has been kept a secret, I trust?" Manette said to the inventor.

"It has. Besides myself, only one other knows of the vessel's existence, and he is the mechanic I spoke of to you. He is fidelity itself, and as true a friend to our cause as draws the breath of life. I am expecting him at every minute now."

Hardly had Defarge finished when there came a low and peculiar knock, and going to the door the inventor admitted the person who had assisted him in the construction of the vessel.

It was now midnight.

All Rouen was wrapped in slumber, and not a sound broke the stillness save the ripple of the water. The chocks had been knocked away, and the vessel was held in position by the slightest purchase.

Manette and the inventor entered the vessel, the latter securely closing the air and water-tight door in the deck.

Three raps to his friend, delivered on the iron side of the vessel, signified "all right."

The doors of the shop were flung open, the last clock knocked out, and the strange little craft slowly started down the inclined track toward the water. She gained momentum gradually, and the last twenty feet were fairly shot over. As her bows cleft the water and dived out of sight, the doors of the shop swung shut, and the place looked as dark and mysterious as ever.

And a man who had been awakened by the creaking, and had thrust his head out of a near-by window, could see nothing, and soon returned to his disturbed slumbers, without being the wiser for his trouble.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE "LITTLE DEMON'S" TRIAL.

The inventor of the strange craft chuckled to himself as she started down the track toward the water. He had the most supreme confidence in her.

Not so with M. Manette.

He felt like one who is taking his life in the hollow of his hand, or like one who is staking his all on a throw of the dice. But he showed no fear, save, perhaps, in that his grave face had a little less color than was natural to it.

The vessel's pointed prow, striking the water at an angle, went down out of sight, and the whole length of the craft followed.

Defarge shook with exultant laughter, but Manette instinctively clutched at the table for support.

"Never fear," Defarge managed to get out. "She will dive as gracefully as a duck and come up right every time."

His confidence certainly was not misplaced, so far as this went, for after shooting ahead beneath the surface until her "way" was overcome, she began gradually rising toward the surface, above which her back—rather than deck—soon after showed.

Now the two men stepped into the pilot-house, from the pilot's station in which every movement of the vessel could be controlled by a system of ivory keys not unlike those of a piano, although, of course, fewer in number.

Defarge grasped the spokes of the steering wheel.

"Touch key number one," he said.

Manette did so.

The screw-wheel began to revolve at a low rate of speed, and the craft began to forge ahead through the water.

Defarge turned her prow toward the center of the stream, when in the channel of which he requested Manette to press down key number two.

"The first key is the 'primary' current, which gives the wheel a certain number of revolutions. The second key controls the 'secondary' or more powerful current, and gives you three times as much speed."

True it was.

The strange craft was now darting along at a very lively pace, leaving behind her a long but narrow track of foam.

"Is monsieur satisfied?"

"Yes," was the reply, in a suppressed tone of mingled anxiety and excitement, for now was to come that part of the vessel's trial trip which involved the greatest peril and uncertainty, the experiment of sinking her beneath the surface.

"Sink her," Manette said, sharply, as Defarge asked whether he should do so, in a tone that as much as implied a doubt of M. Manette's courage.

At once Defarge touched a key that controlled a copper electrically charged wire, which in turn controlled four movable plates in the hull of the vessel.

These doors opened, and admitted a quantity of water into several compartments or chambers. This acted as so much additional weight, and the vessel sank easily and gracefully out of sight of the surface.

Down—down—down—and M. Manette began to breathe hard.

It was not until they had all but scraped the river bottom that Defarge released the key, and, no more water being permitted to enter, the vessel sailed along completely enveloped in the water of the river.

Hitherto they had been in darkness.

But now the inventor touched another key in the series. Instantly every apartment in the vessel was bathed in a flood electric light.

The head-light darted its rays in advance of the vessel, lighting up the water so that for a short distance objects were as distinctly to be seen as other objects are in the upper world 'neath the glare of the noonday sun.

"Look!" exclaimed the inventor.

M. Manette glanced through the glass into the water, and an expression of wonder and astonishment crossed his face.

This was caused by seeing before him, looking not unlike as if suspended in the water, huge black letters which formed the words:

"THE LITTLE DEMON."

"That is what I have christened her," said Defarge, with a chuckle.

"But how is that effect produced?"

"By simply having the letters ground into the glass that shields the light. When thrown to a distance by the conclave reflector, the letters are enlarged."

"Shall we ascend now?" quietly asked Defarge, after a swift run of perhaps half a dozen miles.

"Yes," was the reply, and now M. Manette bent eagerly forward, and with the muscles of face and body in a state of tension, he watched and waited with bated breath.

Another key was depressed by the fingers of the inventor, fingers which seemed never to act without being followed by some almost magical result.

Following the depression of this key came a clankity—clankity—clank—clank—clankity sound, which M. Manette knew to be produced by the working of a pump, which connected with the chambers that were filled with water; this last was being drawn out now and forced back whence it had been taken.

For less than ten seconds were they kept in doubt.

Then a smile of triumph overspread the inventor's face, while M. Manette breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"I knew it!" exclaimed Defarge, enthusiastically. "Did I not tell you I could do it?"

"It is a wonderful craft!" exclaimed M. Manette. "But we are approaching the surface swiftly now—and perhaps this head-light had better be extinguished."

"It is now light as day!" said the volatile Frenchman. "Presto! it is midnight blackness now."

So it was. He simply released the key. In the tenth part of a second thereafter the light was gone.

The surface was reached all right, and the Little Demon, being brought about, was headed up the river. In a very little while she was again in front of Defarge's shop in Rouen.

"You must let me out now," said M. Manette. "I shall not wish to take possession of her until to-morrow night. During



the day I shall wish you to lie concealed at the bottom of the river. To-morrow night you will deliver her and receive your pay."

M. Manette went back to his hotel.

A morning train carried him away toward Paris.

At eleven o'clock that night two dark figures suddenly appeared on the dock in front of Defarge's house, beside which lay the low, black form that the uninitiated would have taken for a log, but which was the Little Demon.

To her deck the two figures sprang.

A movable plate in the deck glided back, and the two figures disappeared down the stairs inside.

Then the door closed.

Defarge now asked monsieur to watch him, as he would show him how an electric light could be produced in any one room while all the others were kept dark.

The inventor uttered a surprised exclamation when he turned and caught a glimpse of his visitors.

"I hope——" he stammered, his face paling and under jaw dropping.

"It is all right," was the rather sharp-toned rejoinder. "Carry the vessel off into the stream at once."

Defarge scrutinized the speaker closely. His face was entirely concealed by a black velvet mask, through two orifices in which peered out a pair of burning eyes. The voice and figure, however, were familiar to Defarge, and while not a little puzzled, he did not hesitate about obeying.

"Now," said the man of the velvet mask, when they were out in the stream, "go ahead and explain all the workings of the vessel very minutely, so that I shall have no trouble."

Defarge thought it strange, after having gone through the whole thing the night before; still he went through it again, and very minutely, too, as he had been requested.

"It is well," said he of the velvet mask, when all had been thoroughly explained. "No vessel appears to be near us, so come into the after room."

When they reached the dining-room and kitchen combined, just abaft the stair compartment, the masked man made a sign to his companion.

The latter, a tall, powerfully-built negro, advanced to the table, and there stood as if awaiting further orders.

Again the masked man made a sign.

From beneath his coat the negro now produced a bag, which he flung down on the table.

"There is your pay, M. Defarge," coldly said the masked man. "Count it, and see how well you have fared."

Although the construction of this wonderful vessel had been a work of love, the inventor was not dead to the appeals of money, and clutching the bag, he commenced untying it.

Changing to look up, he saw a contemptuous glance in the eyes that looked out from the holes in the velvet mask. It said, as plainly as words: "He would do as the majority of all mankind—sell his soul as well as his brains for money. He clutches it as a hungry dog does a bone."

"I will depend on your generosity, monsieur," said Defarge, with a bow, ceasing all efforts at untying the bag.

The masked man bowed, and asked if M. Defarge would mind being set ashore a mile below his residence in Rouen.

"Not at all! Anything to oblige monsieur."

Fifteen minutes later the Little Demon was brought in-shore at about the designated distance below Defarge's shop and house.

The masked man with his own hand touched the little knob which controlled the movable plate in the deck, which at once opened up the means of egress for the man who had arranged all these cunning contrivances.

"Good-by, monsieur," said Defarge, as he paused at the foot of the steps. "Before we part I have one favor to ask of you—your name."

"M. Defarge will excuse any seeming impoliteness, but minutes are precious with me now, and I cannot afford to waste them. But, believe me"—and now he spoke earnestly—"I would sooner reveal my identity to you than to any living person. But not even to you will I say aye or nay, for, should anything occur, it would imperil not my own life alone, but that of a thousand others. You will remember the signal we agreed upon, and will keep a set of boxes charged and on hand for me."

The inventor ascended the stairs, and stepped from the deck to the low string-piece.

The plate or door glided shut, and locked in its place with a snap.

A minute later the Little Demon moved off, followed by the eyes of Defarge—eyes that grew very misty all at once, for the inventor felt as if he were losing a part of his very life.

## CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN DIABOLUS.

A burning hot sun shone out of a cloudless sky, and its rays beat mercilessly down on the heads of two persons, who, on a small raft, were the only objects visible on a dreary waste of ever-heaving water, that stretched away in every direction, until the horizon bent down and hid from sight other dreary miles stretching away beyond.

One of the persons on this raft was a regular old Jack Tar, a genuine old salt, rough in dress and speech, and bronzed and weather-beaten.

The other person was much younger in point of years, certainly not having yet reached the age of twenty-five.

He was dressed rather better than his companion, being clad in a suit that once had been handsome as well as becoming to him, being still recognizable as the suit of a cadet midshipman.

For the fiftieth time that day Bill Brace weakly raised himself to his feet, and, while he steadied himself by clinging to the mast they had put up and clapped a shirt on for a sail, he scanned the horizon in search of a vessel which would rescue them from impending death.

No sail was in sight.

"Well, Bill, don't you think it's about time to give up hope?" and as Tom Hunt asked the question a wan smile parted his lips.

"Lad," and Bill spoke very earnestly, "I speak the truth when I say that for myself I doesn't care a pinch of rapparee. But, lad, I sailed under your father, as was Captain Hunt, and I loved the ground that man walked on; an' when he went down in battle—hit by a piece of busted shell—I helped carry him below."

Bill's speech has told a portion of the tale. They had been on the same ship. That ship had caught fire at sea, and burning to the water's edge, had then plunged out of sight into the depths of the ocean.

During those few terrible hours when all hands strove—but in vain—to save the doomed vessel, Bill Brace and Tom Hunt had clung closely together, and when at last all hands left the vessel, they had missed getting into a boat, and had taken to a floating hatch.

The explosion of the magazine filled the water with fragments of wood, which they had collected and fastened together, forming a raft that was so frail it could not have lived a day in any latitude except that in which they were.

Separation from the others who were shipwrecked followed, and now they had been drifting about under that scorching sun for five whole days, during which time no food or drink had passed their lips.

Both were stretched out on the raft, weak, listless. But both were suddenly electrified by a sound other than that of the rolling waves.

They sat up.

At the same instant both espied something that filled them with wonder, and at the same instant both uttered a cry of surprise and amazement.

"One of them new monitors what's only a foot out of water!" exclaimed Bill Brace. "Wonder if she belongs to Uncle Sam?"

Then Bill ceased to make comments, and using his lungs for all they were worth, began to bawl:

"Gun-boat ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

This he did because from her actions the strange craft seemed as if about to pass without paying any attention to them.

Such was the case.

A few minutes later the Little Demon was beside the raft. The door opened in her deck, and from below a stern voice came floating up:

"If you wish to come aboard be quick about it, for I don't wish to ship a sea."

The friends looked at each other.

They did not like the accent of that voice. But it was death to remain on the raft, so they must make the best of it, and accept this gruff invitation with the best possible grace.

Down the stairs they went.

The door closed behind them.

They were now in dense darkness. This, however, was suddenly dispelled, the apartment being filled with the brilliant rays of an electric light. What that light revealed sent a chill to the hearts of Bill and Tom, for before them they saw a powerful man, of mysterious appearance, whose face was hidden by a mask of black velvet, and beside him a gigantic negro, who clutched a big revolver in either hand.

"By your dress I see that you are American seamen," said the masked man, in good English, but coupled with an accent



that told he was of another race. "You will please divest yourselves of any weapons you may have about you."

They saw that resistance would be worse than useless, and reluctantly divested themselves of all the weapons they had.

"You are to be congratulated. You have already earned a place in my esteem by your prompt compliance with my wishes. Henceforth you can consider yourselves article as belonging to the Little Demon. Saving your life is the bounty you have received, and the continued sparing of your lives will depend on your good behavior."

"Well," said Bill Brace, plucking up a little courage, "I always like to know the name of the captain I sail under."

"You shall know it. I am Captain Diabolus!"

"Meaning the devil, I reckon," and then Bill added, under his breath: "You look it an' act it."

"And I," said Tom, "always like to know the object that my services are to assist in reaching."

"Would you like to know?" and Captain Diabolus bent toward them and flashed his burning eyes from one to the other. "Then you shall learn it—at the cost of your lives!"

"My object is the murder of the Czar and the overthrow of the Russian government! I am a Nihilist!"

"Had you been content to serve me without asking questions, you would have been released when my aim is accomplished. As it now stands, you shall certainly die on the day that I learn that the Czar has fallen a victim to our plottings. From now henceforth a sentence of death hangs over your heads! Any imprudence on your part, any swerving from a strict fidelity to my interests, will hasten the event. So have a care!"

Turning on his heel he went to the pilot-house. The giant negro beckoned them to follow him. Entering the dining-room, they were given a good meal; while they were eating the negro disappeared.

A minute before he did so they saw him place their weapons and his own in a sort of locker.

"Our weapons, Bill!" exclaimed Tom, in a low tone.

Bill, nearest the locker, sprang toward it. He laid his hand on the cover to raise it, then reeled back gasping.

The locker was guarded by something safer than lock and key. It was guarded by an unfailing watchdog, an electric current, which had given Bill a violent shock.

Captain Diabolus stood in the doorway for a minute, a quizzical smile wreathing his lips, and then he disappeared.

"He knows it," said Bill.

Tom nodded.

"I'm afraid of that man," said the tar.

"So am I," was the honest rejoinder.

They were kept confined to this one room for the present, and knew nothing of where they were or were going. They conversed only in whispers, for, while the negro never uttered a word, a cunning leer on his face made them believe that he could hear, even though it was possible that he could not speak.

All they could tell was when the vessel was moving or was at rest.

This last they knew to be the case when of a sudden the stillness was broken by a pistol-shot, followed by a score of other reports, mingling with hoarse shouts.

But they could not see Captain Diabolus, with his black velvet mask, who was just emerging through the deck door, when a party of horsemen, who had reined in just at the edge of the low bluff beside which the Little Demon was lying, began to fire at the masked man in response to the frenzied order of their leader.

## CHAPTER IV.

### TAKEN INTO CONFIDENCE.

In breathless suspense Tom Hunt and Bill Brace waited for the outcome of the firing of revolvers and muskets which had suddenly saluted their ears. Of the circumstances under which the firing was done they had no knowledge whatever, not enough even on which to base a guess. But they glanced at each other, and saw that each was filled with a hope that it would tend to their deliverance.

Their position on board the Little Demon was not an enviable one. It being the reverse of pleasant to feel that their lease of life rested in the hands of this Captain Diabolus, whose sternness of manner and tone could leave no doubt in their minds that he would order their death the moment their presence at all interfered with his plans.

The Little Demon had been "laid to" just at the foot of a low bluff against which the waters rippled and broke with a monotonous though musical sound.

Very careful had Captain Diabolus been to bring the vessel to just opposite a tall, blasted tree on the shore, which would naturally—as a prominent and easily remembered object—have been selected as a rendezvous or place of meeting.

And such was the case.

Captain Diabolus had come here to meet somebody, but not that band of horsemen who at sight of him commenced firing at him with deadly purpose.

When he had looked from the pilot house window a minute before, these horsemen had not been visible. They had put in an appearance while he was mounting the stairs and opening the deck door, as his head appeared above which the fusillade began.

Following the first report, a bullet whizzed by his head, missing its mark by no more space than an inch.

With a startled movement and a low exclamation of alarm, Captain Diabolus betrayed his surprise. But he never lost his self-control, and in a couple of seconds was as calm as though the bullets were not flying about his head with the buzzing of a swarm of bees.

With one swift glance his fiery eyes flashed over that group of horsemen, and then his never-absent revolver was quickly aimed at the leader of the party of horsemen.

Crack!

Then a groan.

Then the heavy thud of a falling body.

His aim had been more true than theirs, and the leader fell heavily from his saddle, a bullet having pierced his brain.

"One blow for Nihilism!" cried Captain Diabolus, and then dived into the vessel, touched a spring, and the movable plate shot into its place.

To the pilot-house sprang the masked man, a scornful smile curling his lip, and seen through the partially opened door by Tom and Bill, the hope that had entered their hearts died a violent death.

When he reached the wheel, Captain Diabolus manipulated the keys, and the Little Demon, responsive to the electric current, began to move away from the spot.

The loss of their leader paralyzed the others for a few seconds.

Then, as the Little Demon moved away, they began firing at her.

Following the frequent and rapid reports of fire-arms came the dull "pung-pung!" as the bullets struck the vessel's iron sides with a hollow sound.

Captain Diabolus laughed scornfully.

"The fools!" he muttered. "They are crazy when they think they can harm the vessel with their weapons. Bah! They might as well be armed with pop-guns."

In a minute or two more the Demon was beyond reach of the futile bullets of the horsemen, and the firing had ceased.

Now, the face of Captain Diabolus became grave in expression.

"They were not there by chance," he soliloquized. "But how did they learn of the Demon's existence? The telegraph carries messages rapidly, and the Czar may have heard of the vessel's being seen in America. But how did they learn that the Demon would be here, and at this precise time? Can there be a traitor in the camp?"

His eyes flashed, his breath was suppressed, his hands were clenched.

If there was a traitor in the camp, and he fell in the way of Captain Diabolus, his fate was as certainly sealed as though he were already a corpse.

The Demon never paused until out of sight of land. Then again her captain manipulated the keys, and the vessel soon after was lying motionless of herself, but was rolled by the waves like some gigantic log.

Soon after this Quacco, the giant negro, suddenly appeared to Tom and Bill. After bending on them a piercing and malevolent look, he beckoned them to follow him.

"There's no use in kicking against the pricks," said Tom, sotto voce, and, Bill acquiescing by a nod, they followed the silent negro to the pilot-house.

There they saw Captain Diabolus, sitting down, his head bent in his hand, apparently in deep thought. At first the two captives were content to wait the captain's pleasure, but it grew to be monotonous work when they had been kept standing there for fully fifteen minutes.

"Did you send for us?" was a question that was on Tom's lips when it was cut short by the watchful Quacco, who stood near enough to reach out his long arm, and clutch his strong fingers on Tom's throat.

When he had choked down the question he made a warning gesture that they must not break silence until given permis-



sion by the masked individual who controlled their destinies. Brought up to look down on a negro as an inferior being, Tom felt like resenting the indignity of being clutched by the throat by Quacco. When he had cast one wrathful glance at the burly figure of the negro, however, he curbed his temper and silenced his tongue.

Captain Diabolus brought his ruminations to a conclusion with a deep-drawn breath, raised his head, and fixed his eyes first on one and then on the other of his captives.

"Gentlemen," he finally said, in a courteous though severe and icy-cold tone, "gentlemen, a life of sheer inactivity must be irksome to you, and I have decided to, in some measure, take you into my confidence, and give you work to do. You sir, have been an officer?" to Tom.

"I have."

"And consequently understand navigation to a greater or less extent?"

"I do."

"Then, henceforth, when I am not at the wheel myself, your place is here in the pilot-house. And yours"—to Bill Brace—"is to manufacture torpedoes, the materials for which are on board. I will instruct you how to do the work at the first opportunity. Now then"—to Tom—"I wish to rest, and shall go into my apartment. You will remain here at the wheel, and keep the Demon moving slowly, so as to avoid this constant and disagreeable rolling; and you will endeavor to run to and fro so as to keep our present position the center of your movements. You"—to Bill—"will now retire, understanding this, that under no circumstances are you to ever enter the pilot-house while your companion is here."

Bill Brace glanced at Tom, and then slowly retired, leaving the three persons together.

Captain Diabolus now instructed Tom as to the use of a certain number of keys, those that controlled the movements of the vessel, which done, he retired to his apartment forward of the pilot-house, after watching Tom start the vessel.

When Captain Diabolus had disappeared, Quacco drew out a blanket and stretched it across the captain's doorway. On this blanket he flung himself, and there lay like some watch-dog.

Nearly a week passed thus, Bill Brace still idle, not having been yet instructed in the manufacture of the torpedoes, while Tom took occasional spells at the steering-wheel.

Then one day he and Bill were ordered into the back room.

Captain Diabolus took the wheel into his own hands, and after night had fallen headed the Demon toward the shore, and finally laid her to at exactly the spot where he had been fired upon.

After half an hour's watching and waiting for some indication of an enemy's presence, Captain Diabolus touched the spring, and the deck-door opened. Again he waited a little, not as a cowardly man would, but with the caution that a brave man uses who knows that his life is of value in the cause in which he is engaged.

Finally he went ashore, and with cautious step advanced to the base of the big blasted tree which formed so prominent a landmark.

Now, taking off the metal shield of a small, wax taper, that he had lighted before leaving the vessel, he raised it higher, that its rays might penetrate the darkness as far as possible.

He soon discovered what he was looking for—a large flat stone situated about ten feet from the base of the tree. This he lifted, possessed himself of some papers beneath it, restored it carefully to its position, then returned to the Demon.

When a few miles from shore Tom was called to the wheel, and, seated in the chart-room, Captain Diabolus broke the seals of the communications taken from beneath the stone.

"Blame him!" he presently hissed, as he finished reading one communication and crushed it in his hand. "He is a traitor! I should not have suspected him; indeed, my confidence in him was so great that I came near to revealing my true identity to him. It is well that I did not. He has done this to curry favor with the Czar. Poor fool! He little dreams that there are those connected with us to whom the Czar lays bare his very heart, from whom the Czar has no secrets. His treachery will cost him his life!" and the mysterious man smiled grimly.

The other communications seemed to be of a pleasing nature, and exclamations of: "Sharp!" "Good!" "Shrewd!" "A clever move!" frequently fell from his lips, for he was reading how the traitor had been discovered, dogged and pumped.

"We will be off for Paris," muttered Captain Diabolus, arising and securing these papers on his person.

"Do you know our present position?" he inquired of Tom, advancing and pausing beside him.

"I do not."

"Then I will show you on the chart. Follow me!" making a sign to Quacco to take hold of the wheel and keep the vessel steady.

"Here is our position," he said, pointing with his finger. "Now, we want to go to Paris. Show me the line you would follow."

Tom quickly traced out the course.

"Good!" exclaimed the captain. "Follow that course. I will relieve you now and then."

## CHAPTER V.

### AT PARIS.

Although he hated and feared Captain Diabolus, and would have given worlds to have been safely out of the Demon, yet Tom could not help feeling pleased and gratified at this expression of confidence in his ability.

He was enough of a sailor to love any kind of a craft that made the water its home, and the Demon appealed to his heart very strongly on account of the ingenuity displayed in her construction, as well as from the fact of her superiority over all other vessels which Tom had ever seen or heard of.

He was now allowed some latitude of action as regarded the regulation of the Demon's speed, and when he had put her "to her trumps" and saw how she darted along, like an arrow from a bow, his enthusiasm began to develop.

Captain Diabolus was a shrewd observer, and he smiled knowingly as he watched Tom, and noted how this enthusiasm grew upon him.

He knew that seamen, after a while, come to love the vessel they are in much as a man loves his wife. Indeed, instances have been known where vessels have been captured in battle, that her men stuck to her and fought their old allies under the conqueror's flag.

This love for the Demon would tend to make both Tom and Bill more reliable, if, indeed, it did not eventually prove to be a lever by means of which he could bind them, heart and soul, to himself and to the cause he represented.

And while neither Tom nor Bill guessed it, Captain Diabolus would have willingly given fifty thousand dollars, could the money insure their fidelity to him, and given them the conviction that the Nihilist's cause was a worthy one.

"I intend to bestow on you another mark of confidence," Captain Diabolus said, as Tom came back to the wheel after a rest. "I am going to show you how you can sink the Demon, and cause her to ascend to the surface," and in accordance with the words proceeded to do so.

It would have been singular if Tom had not begun to think that Captain Diabolus was a better man than he had supposed. He thanked him for this new expression of confidence in warmer tones than he had before addressed to the masked and mysterious individual, who hid his real identity beneath a name which could suggest nothing save the worst traits of human nature.

"You have nothing for which to thank me," was the brusque reply. "Don't think for a moment that I trust you except for my own convenience, knowing at the same time that you can make no misuse of the power I place in your hands. I have intrusted you with a knowledge of the power of only a few keys. The others you cannot conceive the use of—and disaster would follow any experiments to find out. One of these keys being depressed would send an electric spark into a concealed magazine of dynamite—the result of which is needless for me to describe. You now understand the peril of fooling with the keys except those whose use I have described."

Finishing his remarks in a very stern voice, he turned on his heel and left Tom alone, with cold chills creeping up and down his spinal column.

"He is a born demon!" was the thought that presented itself to Tom's mind.

It was terrible to think that on board of the Demon there was such a magazine, which, at the will of Captain Diabolus, could send them all to destruction. And Tom had seen enough of the man to know that should they ever get into a place whence escape was impossible, her captain would destroy himself and the vessel rather than have his cherished identity discovered, or the Demon fall into the hands of his enemies.

Tom shuddered visibly, when next it became necessary to touch one of the keys.



He was almost as much afraid of them now as he would have been of an equal number of rattlesnakes.

The Demon certainly was a wonderful vessel. Tom had learned first to admire and then to love her, but he longed to be anywhere in the world—as long as solid ground was under his feet—than on board of her.

It was like living and sleeping over a concealed mine, whose existence was known and yet could not be avoided. It was all like some hideous nightmare, his prayers for which to pass away seemed to be unheard and unanswered.

Then occurred to Tom a reflection which for a while made his heart quake.

Each key was connected with a wire.

This his common sense told him.

Suppose these wires should some time become fouled? In that case, when he touched the key to send the Demon ahead, he might, instead, explode the magazine.

Tom was no coward. Not at all. He was an exceptionally brave young fellow, but no human being with nerves could have failed to be horrified by the knowledge of living in the midst of such perils.

However, as time passed by without any unforeseen accident occurring, Tom began to feel more confidence, and finally succeeded in quieting his apprehensions. He had done his best to keep his fears to himself, that Captain Diabolus might see no evidence of his weakness. If Captain Diabolus observed anything he certainly gave no sign, and Tom fancied that the "horrors" which he had experienced were known only to himself.

Another element of danger was when Bill Brace was set to work manufacturing torpedoes and hand-grenades; the latter a small torpedo to be flung by hand, which exploded on concussion.

"The least imprudence, the least carelessness, will send the vessel and all of us to kingdom-come," Captain Diabolus had told Bill Brace. "Be careful, now, or careless, as you please. I have explained the consequences, and acquitted myself of my duty!"

Tom's heart was in his mouth when first he saw Bill engaged in manufacturing these terrible instruments of destruction, for the old tar's fingers were very thick and clumsy, causing him to handle the dangerous materials very awkwardly.

Once Bill let a just-completed hand-grenade slip from his fingers. By an effort he managed to catch it ere it struck, had it done which—ugh!

"For heaven's sake, Bill, be careful!" gasped Tom, pale as a ghost, with his face and forehead beaded with cold sweat.

"For your sake I will be," said Bill, presently, "for I want to see you some day with shoulder straps, as you know. But if I was here without you, I'll be blasted if I wouldn't jest as soon drop one of these 'ere things an' be blowed to pieces, jest for the satisfaction of sendin' this Captain Diabolus back to his brimstone an' sulphur hotel."

Warning Bill to be careful once more, Tom withdrew, it being time to return to the wheel.

After a very quick run, considering its distance, the Demon arrived off the mouth of the river Seine.

Now, by direction of Captain Diabolus, the Demon was sunk beneath the surface, and thus unseen, made her way up the river, coming to the surface only after night had fallen, with Rouen not far away.

It was about ten o'clock that Defarge, the inventor, received a visit from the purchaser of his vessel, whose face was still kept carefully concealed behind the black velvet mask.

"Is M. Defarge ready with the boxes?" inquired Captain Diabolus, coming directly to business.

"Qui, monsieur. And the Little Demon (the Little Darling, I might say), is she not a success? She does all I guaranteed her to?"

"She does."

"I knew it—I knew it," Defarge delightedly said. "It was a grand idea, the building of such a vessel." And then sinking his voice, he cautiously said: "She has been seen, monsieur. Reports—vague reports, to be sure, have found their way into the papers. But they know no more than from just seeing her outside."

Captain Diabolus bowed affirmatively.

"It is one grand secret," said the excitable Frenchman. "Ah! there never was such a secret," and he laughed exultantly.

At once they went to work to transfer the charged boxes of electricity on board of the Demon removing those which were now useless, to be left with M. Defarge for recharging.

When this was done Defarge was given a dispatch to send to Paris, after which Captain Diabolus gave him some money and then boarded the Demon.

At midnight the next night the Demon glided softly through the water, without producing more than a ripple, and paused when she reached the first of the noble bridges which span the river at Paris.

Hardly had the head of Captain Diabolus emerged above the level of the deck when he was saluted by a low hiss, which informed him that the expected person was in waiting. Could that person have seen the sardonic smile on the captain's face, he would at once have run for his life.

Diabolus called to the other in a low tone to come on board.

The man hesitated about complying, as if assailed by some secret fear. But his fears were lulled, his senses beguiled, by the warmth and friendliness of the voice of Captain Diabolus, and, perhaps, a curiosity to see the wonderful vessel and go inside of her had some weight.

He sprang to the Demon's deck, then followed the captain downstairs.

Diabolus touch a spring, and the movable plate went into its place with a snap. An instant later and the dark compartment was bathed in a flood of light.

The visitor started in mingled alarm and surprise, and after roving around, his eyes became fastened on Quacco, who stood there grinning like a fiend, his eyes red as blood.

"Traitor!"

So hissed Captain Diabolus.

"I know all," he added, when the startled man turned toward him. "Now take the reward of your treachery, and die such a death as you deserve!"

Quacco had been half-crouching, his eyeballs starting out, his fingers working convulsively.

Captain Diabolus gave the negro an expected and understood sign.

Like a tiger the giant negro sprang forward, and like lightning fastened his firm fingers around the traitor's throat, which he squeezed just tight enough to cause him to gasp for breath.

With lips drawn back like those of a snarling hyena, with his black face lighted by a hideous exultation, Quacco slowly—very—very slowly tightened his grasp on his victim's throat, lifting him clear off the floor.

The choking man clutched wildly about him, and in his agony kicked his feet about, and Tom and Bill, through the open door saw it, and remained spellbound but horrified spectators.

Tighter and tighter became the grasp of the black giant, and his victim's face became black-bued and drawn with agony, his hands clenched, his legs drawn up to his body, through which was running a shudder, like the quaking of jelly, that was horrible to look upon.

"Hold!" cried Tom, in a horror-stricken tone. "Hold! I cannot stand by and see murder committed!"

He sprang forward to interfere, but before he could reach the black giant's side, he was suddenly brought to a standstill by the threatening revolver which Captain Diabolus had drawn, and was now aiming at his head.

Then the drawn-up legs shot down, the clenched fingers relaxed, the eyeballs started forward. Quacco had suddenly exerted all his strength and put it into his fingers. When they were opened, a minute later, the traitor's released body fell with a heavy thud to the floor.

"Thus perish all traitors!" cried Captain Diabolus, harshly, fixing a stern look on Tom.

## CHAPTER VI.

RADETSKY.

In a dirty little by-street of St. Petersburg was a dirty little house which was owned and occupied by a dirty little man.

He was a Jew—Radetsky by name—short, of slight build, slightly stooping shoulders, raven-black hair streaked a little with gray, a prominent Roman nose which would have stamped him as a Jew the wide world over, and slue-black eyes of piercing expression. Dress such a described person in the Russian style, the garments worn almost threadbare, and you have seen Radetsky as he appeared on the morning of the third day subsequent to the Demon's arrival in the river Seine.

Radetsky had a basket on his arm, and, as was evident, was bent on an errand to the markets to procure supplies.

An hour later he might have been seen returning, and having reached his door he at once entered and was seen no more until late in the afternoon.



Then he emerged again, and with slow steps wended his way toward the cleaner and better section of Russia's metropolis.

The stoop in his shoulders gave his head a forward cast, as well as the appearance of one who had become so accustomed to humbling himself that the attitude of humanity had now become a natural one.

He seemed to keep his eyes fastened on the pavement, and those who came from an opposite direction saw the top of his head presented instead of his face.

Having reached a fashionable street, Radetsky joined in with the flowing tide of humanity, still preserving his humble demeanor and apparently never lifting his eyes.

However, this last was appearance and nothing more, for those sharp black eyes of the Jew were frequently lifted from the walk and darted hither and thither.

In the crowd there were not a few military men, generals down to drum-majors, and also titled people, nobles of the empire, even scions of the royal house itself.

Very many of these enumerated classes cast curious glances at Radetsky when they encountered him. But only a few caught a glimpse of his face.

There were a few—a very few, though, who did get a glimpse of his face and a glance from his keen eyes that was full of meaning, but all done so secretly that the shrewdest of the Czar's police might have stood by and not been able to see it.

Presently Radetsky turned and retraced his steps, following the reverse course until at last he again stood before his own door, through which he disappeared, with that humble appearance clinging to him as long as he was to be seen.

After night had fallen, a few stray gleams of light struggled from within the house, and passers-by saw them until about the hour of ten. Then they disappeared and all was darkness within the house, so far as could be judged by a person on the street.

Yet the person who so judged would have been mistaken.

Radetsky's house, although only a story and a half high, and about twenty feet wide, was very deep in comparison with its other dimensions, certainly not less than seventy-five feet.

And one of the center rooms was brilliantly lighted, judiciously hung curtains preventing a single ray escaping the limits of the room and arousing suspicion.

In this room were two persons, Radetsky being one. The other was a young and exquisitely beautiful girl. Her hair was black, but with a bluish shade; her eyes were of that melting, changeable ebony, and her complexion was dark, yet filled with color—color that seemed to hide just beneath the skin and came and went at the slightest provocation.

A Jewess she was not.

A single glance was sufficient to establish this fact.

Had any one known of her presence here they would have thought it singular, for it was supposed that Radetsky lived all alone.

"You look very grave to-night, my guardian," said the girl, glancing up from a piece of embroidery on which she was working.

"I feel very grave," was the reply. "You know that they are coming to-night."

"Yes, I know. But they have come before and you have not looked so grave as this."

Radetsky sighed.

"True," he said, presently. "But then, the blow was not so near at hand."

"Is it near now?" and the beautiful girl bent forward and fixed her gaze earnestly on him.

"It can't be long in coming. But—hist—ha—the signals! You must go—good-night, Emilia!"

It seemed almost a sacrilege for the Jew's thick lips and bearded face to approach Emilia's so closely and as that good-night kiss made necessary.

As soon as the girl had disappeared, Radetsky left the apartment, and was absent perhaps two minutes. He then returned, followed by five closely muffled figures. When the slouch hats were doffed and the long cloaks laid aside, there was revealed one man in the garb of a general in the Czar's body-guard; the dress of another proclaimed him to be of high rank in the army; the others, while wearing no distinguishing garb, were not ordinary men; not one of them but was in turn greeted by Radetsky with the title of "my lord!"

The party gathered around the table and they were no

sooner seated than one demanded of Radetsky what the news was.

"The Demon has been at Paris."

"Say you so? And Captain Diabolus? Was he hurt by the bullets of the party put on his track?"

"Not at all. He escaped uninjured, sailed for Paris, and has punished the traitor, no doubt, as he deserved."

"How know you this?"

"Private advices have been received, stating that the person has suddenly and unaccountably disappeared. Captain Diabolus is not a man to be fooled with, and I am positive that he and the traitor met—the latter to receive the reward of his treason. To only three persons was the secret of the Demon known, to me, to him, and to Captain Diabolus. The traitor's divulging his knowledge of the Demon will rob her appearance of half its terrors, and possibly curtail the sphere of her usefulness."

"You seem to be thick with this Captain Diabolus, since he trusts you above everybody else. Now, who is he?"

"Gentlemen," was the calm reply, "gentlemen, I am a Jew, one of a despised and hated race, who are credited with every bad quality, and denied the possession of a single good trait; but for all that the honor to which that secret was intrusted will keep it sacred, even though so keeping it should consign me to the grave."

They knew he was right, and after a moment's awkward silence, the affair was permitted to drop into oblivion.

"And now," said one of his visitors, a man who enjoyed the perfect confidence of the Czar, "I've a piece of good news for you, Radetsky. The count has made his escape from the Siberian mines."

"Heaven be praised!" fell from Radetsky's lips, as he raised his eyes. "When did it occur?"

"Over a year ago. But nobody has known of it until now, as it only leaked out to-day. The Czar himself doesn't know of it even now."

As the clock struck two, the five conspirators against the life of the Czar took their departure. After securing the door behind them, Radetsky returned and sat down beside the table, on which he placed his elbow, and then permitted his head to sink into his hand.

Thus he sat without moving, until he was aroused by a light footfall.

It was Emilia, in a state of half undress, with her long hair floating down over her shoulders. If exquisitely beautiful before, she was bewitchingly lovely now.

"I heard them go, and waited to hear you retire. As you have not done so, I came down to send you off to rest at once. Now go, please. Emilia asks it of you. You must remember that you must guard your health for my sake, for beside you I have no friend in the world."

"You have, Emilia," was the reply. "Your father is your friend."

"But he is shut up in the Siberian mines," and Emilia shuddered, as if the very name of Siberia caused dreadful pictures to rise before her eyes, "and they will never let him out."

Then the color suddenly deserted Emilia's cheeks, for Radetsky had started up from his chair with a look of wild alarm on his face. Both could plainly hear footsteps within the house. They were approaching the door of that very room.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE VISITOR.

There was many a nameless terror to both Radetsky and Emilia in the sound of those approaching footsteps.

The girl thought they must necessarily belong to some secret agent of the Czar's police, and she had flung herself on Radetsky's breast, as much with the idea of protecting him as being protected herself.

The unexpected and unwelcome visitor—whoever he might be—paused when he had opened the door, and stood, dimly seen in the darkness outside, while he scanned the interior of the brightly lighted room, as well as its inmates.

The trembling girl continued to cling to the Jew. The latter uttered no word, but waited with suspended breath for what should follow this strange interruption.

Radetsky glanced keenly at his strange and unexpected visitor.

He was a man of splendid physique, large, well developed, his figure concealed in the ample folds of a large cloak; and his face was hidden behind a black velvet mask, the bottom of which swept his chest.

After gazing fixedly at the Jew for a few seconds, his eyes were directed at Emilia, who, while she still clung to Ra-



detsky, had partially turned her head so as to look at the visitor, to whom her face seemed a revelation of beauty, judging from the start he gave.

A gleam crossed the Jew's face, a gleam akin to such as joy produces.

"Be of good heart, Emilia," he lowly whispered to the girl. "This is no enemy, I am sure," and gently untwining the girl's arms from about his neck, he sat her down in a cushioned chair.

Now he advanced, and paused when exactly in front of his visitor, and separated from him by only a few feet. Steadily the two men gazed at each other for perhaps five seconds, and then the Jew made a sign with his right hand.

Instantly the man's arms were unfolded, and he then gave the same sign with his left hand.

Radetsky had evidently expected this return, yet when it was given did not appear to be thoroughly satisfied. The sign was too awkwardly given to suit him.

"Who are you?" the Jew now demanded. "By what means did you gain entrance here?"

"By a secret way."

"Ha! Say you so? That secret way is known to only one person besides myself. Then you are——" and the Jew paused, and his eyes swept the stranger from head to foot.

"No matter who I am," was the reply, "seek not to penetrate my identity. I know whom you suppose me to be, but whether I am he or another must be kept a secret. Let the sight of this place confidence between us."

As he spoke, the masked man drew from a secret place and held up between his thumb and fore-finger what looked like a bit of polished iron, perhaps three inches long and less than half an inch wide, one edge of which was indented with peculiar notches.

"You recognize this?"

"I do," said Radetsky. "It is——"

Then he paused, as if to allow the other to add some words of a known sentence that must accompany the exhibition of this bit of polished iron.

"—half of—"

So spoke the stranger.

"a key—" said Radetsky.

"—halved longitudinally—"

"—made to unlock—"

"—a brass box—"

"—when a certain vow—"

"—shall be fulfilled."

The stranger now cast a meaning look at Emilia, which the Jew correctly interpreted.

"Return to your room, my child," Radetsky said to Emilia. "I am convinced of this man's friendliness to you and me, and would trust my life in his hands under any and all circumstances."

Emilia's fears had been quieted before this time, and with a "Good-night" she glided swiftly from the room.

"You did not wish her to know that you had returned?" said the Jew, inquiringly, as his visitor sank into a chair beside the table, and he into another.

The masked man laughed.

"Have a care! I spoke not lightly when I said my identity must remain a secret."

The Jew bowed.

"You have been faithful to your charge?" said the masked man.

"As Heaven is my judge, so have I been true to my trust. Emilia you have seen for yourself," was the Jew's earnest reply.

"Enough! And are you still willing to retain your charge of Emilia?"

"I am."

"That, then, is decided. And now, Radetsky, tell me fully all that has happened in this Nihilistic war, as well as the plans that are entertained for the future?"

The masked man, whom we shall call the Exile, listened with bent head until the Jew had finished. Then for a few minutes he appeared to be lost in thought.

Abruptly arising, he turned on his heel, and strode from the apartment, without even thanking the Jew for his information, or bidding him adieu.

The Jew soon after put out the light and went to his own room.

The following evening, just after the hour of lighting lamps, he was called to the front door by a loud knocking, and he admitted a swaggering, bearded, red-faced individual, the very sight of whom caused Radetsky's heart to sink.

This coarse, blustering fellow was one of the most important

officials of the Secret Service of St. Petersburg, and the Jew saw at once that his visit was portentous of evil.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the officer, in deep bass tones, and grasping the little Jew by the shoulder, he twisted him nearly off his feet. "Ha, ha, ha, Raddy! I've got a little something against you!"

Radetsky's face became sallow again.

Struggling to retain his self-possession, and keeping his face averted, he led his unwelcome visitor to the room facing on the street, which he used as a kind of office.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the officer. "I say, Raddy, hanging isn't very pleasant, is it?" with a fiendish grimace.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

"Thus perish all traitors!"

Having said this, Captain Diabolus fixed his gaze on Tom Hunt.

Slowly the hand of Captain Diabolus, containing the revolver, was lowered, and slowly that hand restored the weapon to its place of concealment, during which operation the same stern and awful gaze fastened on Tom.

Quacco darted a single glance at his master.

Then again the black giant crouched a little.

And thus the ebon-hued tiger remained, waiting for his master's signal ere darting on Tom and choking him to death, with all its horrid accompaniments, as the dead man at his feet had been choked.

That was a terrible moment to Tom.

Frozen dumb; he awaited the awful death he felt sure Captain Diabolus intended him to meet.

Poor Bill Brace!

He saw all his hopes of shoulder-straps for the son of his old commander vanishing like a day dream that is rudely dispelled.

Then he broke the spell which had bound him. He took just one short step toward Tom, and then paused, his horny fists ready for business, every muscle gathered, his posture not unlike that of the murderous-natured eboned fiend.

Captain Diabolus appeared not to see Bill Brace, and certainly took no notice of his warlike demeanor.

Quacco champed his teeth.

Then Captain Diabolus made one of those significant movements with his hand, the import of which caused the murderous black demon's hands to drop to his sides.

"Your punishment is reserved until some future time," said Captain Diabolus, in a terribly stern tone, and then with a wave of the hand ordered Tom back into the room from which he had sprung.

Tom obeyed instantly.

Once inside he sank down on the locker, trembling in every joint, completely unnerved.

Bill Brace sat down beside him, and begged him not to show the "white feather," but to "brace up" and be a man.

In a few minutes Tom managed to partially recover his self-control, although it was days before the effects of that terrible moment in his life's history wore off.

Perhaps ten minutes after they had left the captain and Quacco alone in the stair-room with the dead man, the two friends knew from the run of the water along the Demon's side that she was in motion.

Scarcely a dozen words had passed between the friends when Quacco again put in an appearance. He pointed Tom in the direction of the pilot-house.

"Ah!" said Captain Diabolus, as Tom appeared, and a sardonic smile played for an instant about his lips. "I see you are here. Return to the table, where you will find a chart. Are you there?"

"I am."

"Do you see a black dot on it?"

"I do."

"That marks our present position. Now mark out the course you would pursue to reach St. Petersburg."

"St. Petersburg!" repeated Tom.

"Yes. Do you think it so very strange that I should want to go there? But—no more words. When you have laid out the course, come and take the wheel."

Having traced the course on the chart, Tom stepped into the pilot-house and took hold of the wheel, and Captain Diabolus stepped aside.

Passing up through the English Channel, around the north coast of Denmark, and up through the Baltic Sea, they at last arrived off the Gulf of Finland.

Up the gulf they went, reaching its extremity just as day was breaking one morning.



The Demon was brought to a halt, and sunk to the bottom of the gulf, and there remained while daylight lasted.

When night had again fallen the Demon was raised and started ahead again, her prow directed toward the spot where the river Neva discharges its waters into the gulf.

Thirteen miles up from the gulf proper lay St. Petersburg, to which boats of greater draught than nine feet could not ascend. There was water enough to accommodate the Demon, unless she should get stuck on some bar, the danger of which made it necessary to run at a low rate of speed.

It was near midnight when the Demon reached the city, and was brought to a halt in a deserted, dark and out-of-the-way place.

"Tom," said Captain Diabolus, as if suddenly struck with an idea, "I want you to go ashore with me."

Tom's heart leaped joyously.

But it fell heavily when Diabolus added:

"But, before you go, you must pledge me your word of honor not to utter a word or give a sign. Your companion will remain behind, and I shall give Quacco orders to end his existence if I am not back by a certain time."

Tom then thought of refusing to accompany the captain, but a glitter in the latter's eyes warned him that it would be more than dangerous to refuse.

So he gave the promise, and went ashore with Diabolus—apparently a free man, yet fettered as absolutely as though on board of the Demon and out at sea.

Captain Diabolus was moving very cautiously, as if desirous of not meeting the night-patrol. His wishes in this matter were sadly upset, for on turning a corner they nearly ran plump into the arms of one of those personages.

Captain Diabolus cursed under his breath, and made an attempt to brush past the patrol. The latter, however, grasped him by the shoulder and brought him to a halt.

"I want to see your face," he gruffly said, and raised a hand toward the face of Captain Diabolus.

Then the patrol uttered a low moan and sank to the walk, but the captain and Tom had not quitted the side of the body when two more of the patrol suddenly came upon them.

"We are in for it!" Tom heard Captain Diabolus hiss, and then clenched his fists, they being his only weapons.

## CHAPTER IX.

### OVER HEAD AND EARS IN LOVE.

It went considerably against the grain for Tom to fight for Captain Diabolus—to give him assistance which practically rendered his own slavery more absolute.

But he thought of Bill Brace!

Should any accident befall, and a return to the Demon was not made before a certain time, Bill Brace would assuredly fall a victim to the ferocity of the murderous black giant.

For Bill's sake, then, Tom doubled up his fists to render what assistance to Captain Diabolus that was possible.

Tom saw Captain Diabolus raise his right hand, in which he held something—a pistol. No report followed, but one of the patrol fell heavily to the ground, as if shot. A couple of seconds later the other also fell.

Then Tom guessed the truth.

Captain Diabolus carried a noiseless weapon.

"This silent friend has often stood me in hand!" said the murderer, coolly. "Here—Tom—lend me your assistance. Yonder is an alleyway. We must drag the bodies in there where they will not be found at once, for if they should be all St. Petersburg would be aroused, and return would be an impossibility."

It took only a few minutes—the distance being short—to drag the bodies to the dark and deserted alleyway, after which Captain Diabolus again led the way at a rapid pace.

The objective point, or place to which Captain Diabolus was bound, was to the house of the Jew.

Having approached by a dark and gloomy aisle, Captain Diabolus finally paused at the rear of Radetsky's house. At once he passed his hand over the door until he discovered a particular nail, the head of which he caught hold of and pulled out.

The signal thus conveyed was promptly responded to, somebody within soon after rapping lowly a certain number of times, to which Captain Diabolus responded by another certain number of raps.

Then the door was opened by Radetsky, and Captain Diabolus and Tom glided swiftly and silently inside, into a room wrapped in the profoundest darkness.

The middle room was all ablaze with light, and when they

had crossed the threshold Radetsky turned to see who his visitors were.

"Diabolus!"

So exclaiming, he held out his hand.

Promptly the hand of Diabolus met the Jew's and they shook hands warmly.

Then Radetsky cast an inquiring glance at Tom, and turned to Diabolus as if to ask for information.

"My first mate!" was the explanatory reply to the Jew's questioning look, and Diabolus laughed in that peculiarly bitter and ironical way of his.

"Safe? Trustworthy?"

"Yes—of necessity," was the rejoinder. "I see that my coming disturbed you. Emilia has just been with you, and fled at my coming. Pray recall her."

A tiny silver bell stood on the mantel, giving forth a musical, subdued but sweet tinkle when the Jew gently swung it.

As the conversation between Diabolus and the Jew was in Russian, Tom had not understood a word, but he correctly interpreted the tinkling of the bell as a call for somebody.

When his eyes rested on that "somebody" whom the bell summoned, his breath was almost taken away. Never before in his life had he seen such loveliness in the form of woman.

The girl gravely bowed to Captain Diabolus, and seating herself at a table, took up a pen.

"You can go on writing, Emilia," said Radetsky. "We will speak low so as not to disturb you."

Drawing off into one corner, the Jew and Diabolus began talking in low and earnest tones; Emilia's brows were contracted into a pretty frown, as if trying to recollect where she had left off, and Tom watched the girl with devouring eyes.

Presently she for the first time showed consciousness of his presence. She raised her melting black eyes to his face for just one instant, then they sank beneath his ardent gaze, and the color in her cheeks began to heighten.

In less than a minute thereafter Tom was edging toward the table, all unobserved by the two men, finally reaching Emilia's side.

"Can't I help you?" he sheepishly asked, not knowing what else to say.

A pleased look flashed into Emilia's eyes.

"American?" she said, glancing up at him.

"Yes—through and through."

"I am glad of that," said the girl, with an accent that Tom thought charming. "I like Americans—they are so brave and kind."

Tom had already fallen over head and ears in love, and was oblivious to everything else in the world, save that he was beside Emilia.

He came to himself, and remembered where he was, when Captain Diabolus laid his hand firmly on his shoulder.

"It is time for us to go," he said, in a cold and even tone. "You probably have taken little note of the flight of time."

Tom flushed guiltily and turned half away, then bethought himself, paused, and held out his hand to Emilia.

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!" she returned.

Tom was given no opportunity to say another word or cast another glance at Emilia, for Diabolus hurried him away with more energy than tenderness in his grasp on Tom's shoulder.

Having reached the street, Diabolus laid the most direct course toward the location where the Demon was lying, having let go of Tom's shoulder when once outside.

They hurried on in silence until half the distance to the Demon had been traversed.

Then they were startled by the sight of a body of men coming down a street they had to cross.

"We must run for it!" exclaimed Captain Diabolus.

Off they dashed, and a minute later the squad of police were in quick pursuit, yelling and making a fearful racket to attract attention, in the hopes that somebody would intercept the flight of the fleeing persons.

The sharp report of firearms mingled with the yells of the pursuers, who strained every muscle to overtake Diabolus and Tom.

At last the Demon was only a short distance away. But the pursuers were now close at their heels, so close that they refrained from shooting, believing capture certain.

One last spurt, and the bank was reached. The Demon was before their eyes.

Diabolus jumped—landed on the deck—disappeared into the vessel.

Tom jumped—landed on the rounding side of the deck—his heels shot from under him, and he tumbled into the water.

While trying to clamber up on the deck the door snapped shut. Captain Diabolus dared leave it open no longer, for



pistol bullets were being sent through the open doorway, and the whole gang were preparing to jump to the deck and enter the vessel.

The next minute the Demon began to glide through the water, and Tom, horrified, tried to hang fast, and hooked his fingernails at a spot where the plates of the hull lapped each other.

## CHAPTER X.

### WOUNDED.

As the Demon gained headway, Tom was in danger of being washed from his precarious hold. But perhaps the greater danger arose from the bullets of their pursuers, which were buzzing about his head like a swarm of bees.

Each moment the Demon was increasing the distance between herself and those on shore, and Tom began to breathe easier, considering himself finally absolutely free from danger from the bullets.

And just as Tom thought danger past, he was undeceived.

A groan was suddenly wrung from his lips, for a bullet had struck him.

The shock almost caused him to release even the insecure hold he had on the Demon, in which case he would have been washed off and drowned.

Happily he did not lose presence of mind, and clung fast even while he writhed with pain from the wound.

Farther and farther the Demon receded from the men on shore, and after their bullets had for some time fallen short of the mark, Tom heard their cries grow fainter.

Tom now began to look for the Demon's being stopped and some search made for him—some interest manifested in his fate. But steadily onward went the Demon, and Tom's heart began to sink in unison with his waning strength.

Tom gritted his teeth.

The very few kindly feelings he had possessed for Captain Diabolus now fled. He was a heartless and a cruel villain in human form to so callously go away and leave Tom to his fate!

But Tom had at least one faithful friend beneath him, inside of the vessel.

Needless to say it was Bill Brace.

During the absence of Tom and his captain, he had employed his time in the torpedoes rather than be idle. The hasty return of the captain he could not fail to hear, and was for a moment a little startled, but had resumed his occupation believing that Tom was with him.

At sound of the pistol shots he pricked up his ears. Suspending work, he listened intently. It struck him that something was wrong—even though the Demon was moving—and rising, he went forward as far as the dining-room.

He looked around.

Nothing was to be seen of Tom.

Quacco was not there to intercept him, and crossing the stair-room and chart-room, Bill Brace was able to look into the pilot-house.

Captain Diabolus was at the wheel.

Quacco was beside him.

Tom was missing.

For just one minute Bill reeled back, gasping for breath; then recovering himself he savagely demanded what had become of Tom.

Captain Diabolus seemed unable to brook any save a cringing attitude toward himself, and Bill's words and manner aroused his ire.

"He is food for the fishes before now!" was the cruel and heartless reply, which made Bill moan like a child who had just lost a parent.

Truly, indeed, had Bill said on more than one occasion that Tom was the apple of his eye. He would sooner have laid down his own life than that Tom should be injured.

For fully two minutes Bill stood there, clutching the door jamb for support, but for which he would probably have wilted to the floor.

Then his lips parted, but quivered and trembled so greatly that for a few seconds he could not frame a word.

Then he demanded:

"Where did you part from him and how?" fixing his eyes on Captain Diabolus, and never flinching beneath the stern stare that was fastened on him.

Perhaps Captain Diabolus saw in Bill's eyes a suppressed tigerishness which warned him that the tar might do some mischief.

"He missed his footing when he jumped, and went overboard."

"And you left him behind?"

"I did."

"Then turn about at once and go back to pick him up! If you are too much of a coward to stick your head out I'll do it myself. But whatever comes or goes—Tom must be found!" hissing the last four words between his clenched teeth.

Diabolus saw that there was mischief in the tar, and one hand was reached out for his revolver. Perhaps it would be best to shoot Bill down as a means of avoiding trouble! Such was the reflection which had crossed the mind of Diabolus.

He thought better of it, however, in less than two seconds. Bill was a valuable man in the first place, and in the second the concussion that would be produced by firing a revolver in that confined space might explode the torpedoes and involve the vessel and himself in destruction.

So, instead of making any use of the revolver, he sternly ordered:

"Hark ye, sir! Back to your quarters. You have disobeyed my orders in penetrating thus far, and nobody can disobey me with impunity. Go, I say, or take the consequences," glancing meaningly toward Quacco, who was again crouched, again displaying his teeth, while his fingers worked with convulsive eagerness.

Bill Brace was a sturdy fellow, and Diabolus knew that in all probability Quacco would have a harder task to get away with the tar than with the traitor. He made an imperative sign to Quacco, and the black giant fell back, growling in his throat.

The tar seemed undecided in mind—Diabolus thought undecided whether to obey him or not, and he gazed fixedly and menacingly at Bill.

The latter finally turned and disappeared.

A grim smile appeared on the lips of the captain.

He thought he had cowed Bill.

But he was mistaken.

This he learned, when a couple of minutes later Bill Brace appeared again at the pilot-house door.

In his hand he held one of the largest of the manufactured torpedoes.

"Now, then, Captain Devil, as is the plain English of it, you've got to come to terms. I have the whip-hand now. If Tom's gone, why, I don't care how soon Davy Jones gets me, and unless you turn around and try to find Tom, I'll fling this ere thing down and bust up this whole devilish craft and crew!"

"Dare you defy me so?" said Captain Diabolus.

"Yes, I dare," said Bill, boldly. "I give you just thirty seconds to make up your mind."

The face of Diabolus became livid.

Bill Brace indeed had the whip-hand, as he expressed it, and the captain saw that he was in grim earnest, and would probably be as good as his word.

"But he is dead or a prisoner by this time," said Captain Diabolus, compelled to seek to temporize with the sturdy tar.

"I must know it to a certainty," was the firm reply.

Diabolus was now quivering with rage.

It was not his nature to give in.

Yet he was compelled to do so now.

Could he have got the upper hand of Bill at this juncture, he would certainly have left Tom to meet any kind of death, even were it in his power to save him, for the sake of punishing Bill.

"Hark!"

So the tar suddenly exclaimed.

In despair, Tom had suddenly bethought himself of pounding his feet on the hull of the vessel, which re-echoed hollowly inside.

Bill had heard this.

So had Captain Diabolus.

"Somebody is up on deck," said Bill, eagerly. "Perhaps it's Tom. Captain, stop the vessel and go up and see if it is my young mate. And do so without delay, unless you want me to keep my word good."

Captain Diabolus touched the right key. The Demon's headway was checked. Then Bill backed away to permit Diabolus to emerge from the pilot-house.

"Thank heaven!" Tom was at the same moment exclaiming; "why didn't I think of kicking before? They have heard me and will take me in."

The deck door opened, and the head of Captain Diabolus appeared. He saw dimly the figure of the young man, and he was not sorry that he was not to lose the services of Tom. Emerging, he assisted Tom to reach the stairway and the in-



terior of the vessel, where he was greeted by Bill in a choking voice.

At once the tar laid down the terrible engine of destruction with which he had threatened Diabolus, and caught hold of Tom and fairly hugged him in his joy.

"Now, cap'n," said Bill, a minute later, "I've gained my p'int, 'cause the lad's here. Use your shootin'-iron or set Quacco on me as soon as you please."

## CHAPTER XI.

### RADETSKY'S FORTUNE.

The police officer slapped his thigh and laughed hoarsely, as he saw that his coarse speech with its dire hint had caused the Jew's cheeks to pale a little.

"I see you agree with me, Raddy," he said, familiarly. "Hanging isn't a very pleasant thing, is it? I don't believe," critically surveying the Jew from head to foot in a professional way, "that there's weight enough in your body to break your neck when you got dropped. Ugh! hanging's bad enough when your neck's broke in a jiffy; but when you hang there choking—pah! it's very rough."

And then the burly fellow laughed harshly again, his ha-ha-ha! seeming to fairly shake the building.

Radetsky waited until he should finish, and then, with his recovered composure, asked what he could do for his visitor.

"Do? Ah, a good question. That's what I call coming right to business. Well, then, Raddy, I've come to raise a small loan from you."

"A loan?" and the Jew opened his eyes in surprise. "I am not a money-lender, so why do you come to me?"

"Not a money-lender?"

"No."

The officer did not seem at all abashed by the positive reply of the Jew.

"Not a money-lender, perhaps; but you sometimes lend money, though."

"How do you know that? You certainly have received false information from some source."

"Not at all," was the officer's cool rejoinder. "I know of your having lent money to several persons, and I want you to lend me some."

"How can I lend that which I have not?"

"Have not? Bah! Now see here, Raddy, you've got money, and what's more, you've got to make me a loan whether you want to or not."

"How so?"

"Because, my beloved Jew, if you do not you may regret it, since I hold in my possession certain information concerning you, that, told, might hasten your death considerably."

The Jew's complexion became very sallow again.

He clearly saw cause for alarm in the vaunting words of the officer, on whom he bent a sly look of earnest and anxious scrutiny.

"I am sorry that you hold such information concerning me," the Jew then said. "But since you do, I suppose I shall have to accept the consequences, as I have not the means to buy your silence."

"You admit, then, that there is reason for your being afraid?"

"Not at all," was the calm reply. "On the contrary, no man can point to an act of mine that would render me liable to the law; but this I know, that it is only necessary that a breath of suspicion should rest on a Jew to have visited upon him the rigors of an unjust law."

The concluding portion of Radetsky's speech was in a bitter tone. But the amount of bitterness on the surface was only a tithe of that which the Jew managed to conceal.

The officer looked disappointed.

He saw that his little game had failed, that the Jew was more than a match for him in cunning. But he would not thus give in conquered.

That Radetsky was wealthy the officer firmly believed. And there was good reason why he needed money very badly. He himself had violated the law of which he was an officer, and his life and liberty were only to be saved by a goodly sum of money put in the right place.

The Jew really was afraid—and yet in another sense was not afraid, but rather was timid.

While his cheeks grew pale and complexion sallow at the mere hint of detection, had that detection really come and his life been demanded of him for his plottings against the despotic government, he would have walked with firm step and conscious strength to the spot where his life was to be rendered up in expiation. Just so it was in the early days

of the Christian religion, when martyrs fell by scores. Many a poor weak woman whom a toothache would have driven crazy, was able to boldly and unflinchingly face both torture and death.

"But I must have money, Raddy," said the officer, in a desperate tone.

"I can't help that," was the reply. "I have no money to lend you," and as the Jew thus spoke he inwardly felt that he had triumphed.

He saw clearly that it would be even more dangerous to lend the money than to deny having a dollar in the world. The officer's apparent need might be only a Russian police trick to learn if he was possessed of money.

"You have got it."

"I have not."

"Beware!" growled the angry and desperate man. "Do you dare take the consequences of a refusal?"

"I can do nothing else," was the Jew's reply.

On Radetsky the officer bent a long-continued look of angry and suspicious scrutiny, with which was mingled not a little anxiety.

"You shall rue this!" screamed the angry officer, as he finally started for the door. "I am going now. You have just a minute left to change your mind. Do you repent?"

"I cannot if I would."

With an angry howl the officer bolted into the street and was swallowed up in the darkness, while Radetsky locked the door and returned into the house with grave face and bent head.

Was there any basis for the officer's threat?

He certainly had lent money to different parties, but they were only those who were engaged in this gigantic plot to kill the Czar of all the Russians.

Had there been another traitor?

"Emilia," he said, as he entered the middle room.

The girl glanced up at him, and her color changed as she saw the gravity which the visitor's coming had stamped on the Jew's face.

"Do not be alarmed," he said, as the girl started up in alarm. "The danger, if any, is past, I trust. But my recent visitor has opened my eyes to a source of danger for the future that I must now take steps to guard against."

"You are not threatened? Nothing has been learned?"

"I think not. But, now attend me, my dear Emilia. Mark closely what I say, and watch my movements closely. Bring the lamp and come to me."

As he spoke, Radetsky crossed the floor to a closet.

The door of this he opened.

Then he removed various articles of clothing that depended from the hooks inside.

Making every move very slowly, and explaining each one, he finally removed a portion of the rear wall of the closet. The removed section might have been two feet square, and to all appearance had been solid wall; the joints had been concealed beneath the wooden pieces, whose ostensible purpose was for the insertion of clothes hooks.

This disclosed to view a small fire-proof safe, with a combination lock, which Radetsky proceeded to open, giving Emilia the combination as he did so.

Swinging open the door of the safe, he stepped back, and Emilia uttered a cry of rapture an instant later. The rays of the lamp falling into a small tray, were reflected back in a thousand brilliant and varying hues.

The tray contained diamonds of the first water, and other precious stones, articles which always delight the heart of a woman.

The Jew's eyes glistened with pleasure as he watched her rapturously gaze on the precious stones, and for several minutes he did not disturb her.

"Those are but baubles to others contained in that box," he said, and then drew out the indented-edged bit of iron, the half of a key.

This he laid in the jewel tray, and told her the password that went with it.

Then he opened various compartments in the safe, all of which were filled with gold, bright, glittering gold, in coins of various denominations.

"Should harm befall me any time, all this, Emilia, is to be yours, and you alone know the secret of where my treasure is stored. But you must never make use of your knowledge unless I am either imprisoned, transported to Siberia, or have died."

Closing everything up, he then bade Emilia to open it, as a test that she had understood and remembered his instructions.



tions. She proved herself an apt student, and opened the wall and safe without difficulty.

After it had been closed, they returned to the middle room.

"I must go forth, Emilia," said the Jew, bending a grave look on the girl, on whose face was a troubled expression. "You do not wish to be left alone?"

"No," reluctantly admitted the girl.

"Then you shall go with me," he said. "It is only to shove a letter beneath a certain door. Put on your hood, Emilia." Quickly she obeyed.

Leaving by the back way, they had gone half a dozen blocks, when, on turning a corner, they were confronted by a party of four men, evidently persons of high rank in the army.

"Who have we here?" demanded one, seeing both Radetsky and Emilia start.

One of them grasped the girl by the arm. A lamp was not far distant, and to it the frightened girl was forced, and the veil dragged away from her face.

Then came a hoarse shout of exultation.

"By all the saints, it's the count's daughter!" exclaimed her captor. "This is good news, for the taking of her to the Czar means promotion for us all. Where's the little man that was with her? What—gone, by Jove! What careless dogs you are to let him get away. Come, let's away to the place with the girl, who surely will have her neck stretched for being born who she is."

## CHAPTER XII.

### A TENDER FIEND.

If Quacco could not hear, he sometimes exhibited a knowledge of things about him that was perfectly marvelous. No sooner had Bill ceased speaking, telling the captain to now do with him as he pleased, than the black giant was crouching, red-eyed, eager, ready for business.

And Bill Brace thought, judging from the sternness of expression of Captain Diabolus, that he was going to consign him to the clutches of the negro.

Whatever may have been the motive of Captain Diabolus in sparing Bill, spare him he certainly did, perhaps because he was touched by the sight of such devotion as the old tar had displayed for Tom.

The angry look died out of his eyes, the vengeful look disappeared from as much of his face as could be seen. He turned toward the black demon, and gave one of those imperative movements of his hand.

Shaking his head and champing his teeth, like a wolf disappointed of its prey, Quacco darted a malignant look at Tom, and then with humble mien turned to his master.

It was wonderful what control Diabolus had over this monster.

"Your life is spared for the present," said Captain Diabolus, hoarsely. "But do not presume too far on the strength of my present mercy."

Then came a low cry of dismay.

Bill had discovered blood on Tom's clothing.

"You are wounded!" he exclaimed. "Is it bad—are you hurt much?"

"Not very much, I hope," was Tom's reply, with a faint smile. "Just a flesh wound, I think. Lead me in, Bill, old friend. I have lost quite a little blood and am beginning to feel weak."

Bill lead Tom back to their room as Captain Diabolus turned away and entered the pilot-house.

A minute later the Demon was again proceeding downstream in dead silence, save for the slight rippling sound she made in cutting through the water. And she was quite as unseen as unheard, for it was necessary to be very close to see that black low line streaking along the surface of the water.

"Now comes a gauntlet, I suppose," presently muttered Captain Diabolus. "Ah! it is as I suspected. Lights are flashing over the water in all directions. The Demon is swift, but the telegraph is swifter, and they have learned that the Demon has been seen in St. Petersburg. We shall have to risk a shot or two."

As yet the water was too shallow to admit of the vessel's being sunk beneath the surface, and the only course of the Demon was one straight ahead.

Boom!

Suddenly a cannon hoarsely bellowed. The next instant a shrieking ball went over the Demon and plunged into the water just beyond her.

Captain Diabolus smiled grimly.

"Pretty close, but not close enough," he muttered. "Now, my darling, you must do your best—you must travel as you have never traveled before."

They had just a mile to go to reach deep water. Once here they were safe, and the Demon traveled swifter than ever before to reach the goal.

Hundreds of eyes were now watching the low, black streak that was rushing through the water, and a dozen cannon were trained to bear on it.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Not so much as by the twitching of a muscle of his face did Captain Diabolus betray any anxiety, and yet, as he knew, the peril of their situation was very great.

One of the cannon-balls struck the rounding deck of the Demon and glanced off without doing any damage.

Presently, however, Diabolus did begin to betray anxiety. Looking from the pilot-house window, his eyes lighted on a long streak of fire in the air, like the tail of a comet.

It was a bombshell.

Did it explode near them, he foresaw only one result—the concussion would start off the torpedoes contained in the Demon.

He watched the course of the shell with earnest gaze, and presently caught his breath. One second, perhaps, he hesitated, and then struck the key that caused the Demon to descend.

Barely was she hidden beneath the surface when the shell exploded with terrific force, its pieces flying, shrieking, in all directions, while the concussion was so great that only the shield of the intervening water saved the Demon.

Bringing her to the surface again, Captain Diabolus made a gallant run for deep water.

Safely the terrible gauntlet was run, and uttering a low cry of defiance, he finally sank the Demon out of sight in the gulf and was now as safe as though no enemy were within a thousand miles of him.

Bringing the Demon to a stand-still and permitting her to rest at the bottom of the gulf, Captain Diabolus now paid Tom a visit, inquired whether he felt much pain, examined the wound, and then dressed it with the tenderness of a woman.

This was occasion for more surprise on Tom's part. He certainly expected nothing like this from Captain Diabolus, whose nature seemed one that was filled with strange contradictions.

"He can be a tender friend," thought Tom, as his eyes followed Captain Diabolus when he took his departure.

Tom's wound was such as is called a flesh wound, being in the left shoulder. He had bled considerably, and was thereby weakened, but in no danger. The bullet had gone clean through, so that there was even no cutting of it out to be done.

Under the circumstances Tom rapidly convalesced, and in a week or ten days was himself again, save for a little stiffness and soreness.

Meanwhile, they had been again to Paris, and now were returning to St. Petersburg.

Tom thought it a mighty dangerous place to visit, but he was too well posted to say aught to Captain Diabolus of his reflections. When that strange man said anything, it was dangerous in the extreme to contradict, to do anything, in fact, except acquiesce.

So Tom kept his tongue between his teeth, and quietly took his trick at the wheel when called upon by the captain, who still wore his mask and scowl, and never uttered one word more than was absolutely necessary.

Tom had one comforting reflection, however, in connection with this return to St. Petersburg. If it was dangerous, he might be paid for it by again seeing Emilia.

The captain's words in regard to the girl had set Tom to pondering over Emilia's possible history.

"Royal blood in her veins!"

How many times he saw those words arise before him.

But he could not think of her as a titled person. To him she was simply Emilia, bright, beautiful, witching, a human being in all respects like himself.

Would he ever see her again?

Once or twice he half framed a question concerning Emilia, but always checked it on his lips, satisfied that it would be useless to address it to Diabolus.

The gulf was entered, and just after the closing in of one dark night they were speeding toward the river Neva, from which they were not far distant.

The Demon was beneath the surface and the electric light was cast ahead of them, lighting up the water as the headlight of a locomotive penetrates the darkness.

Captain Diabolus had just emerged from his sleeping apart-



ment, and had just reached Tom's side, when the young fellow bent quickly forward and gazed intently at some object ahead.

Drawing back, he pointed ahead, as he rapidly said:

"Look—quick—do you see anything—something like a net-work of wire?"

"Yes. It is——"

Captain Diabolus had no time to waste in words, and, cutting short his speech, his hand sprang to the key to check the Demon's headway.

His face grew pallid.

Some terrible and unexpected danger had suddenly thrust itself upon him.

"It is—what?" demanded Tom.

"A battery of sunken torpedoes. If the Demon strikes those wires——"

He said no more.

Tom leaned forward again, and, frozen with horror, watched the wires the Demon was so rapidly nearing.

The wheel was reversed.

Captain Diabolus was doing all he could to avoid destruction.

But Tom had observed the wires only when it was too late.

The Demon's prow struck the wires, tightened them suddenly, and then——

There came a terrible explosion, an explosion which sent huge masses of water high in the air in sight of the Russian men-of-war, an explosion which made the surrounding water one big mass of churned and seething foam, and then all became settled and quiet again.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### BLOWING UP THE PALACE.

Less than ten minutes after the dreadful explosion, the telegraph carried into the palace of the Czar a message to the effect that the terrible submarine vessel had been destroyed.

Strict watch had been kept up, and it was positively known that no vessel sailing on the surface had caused the explosion. Nor was it deemed likely that the river Neva had floated down some submerged log or other object with sufficient weight to cause the explosion of the torpedoes.

The Demon must have struck the wires. Of this the Czar's officers were absolutely certain. And, if in the vicinity of the torpedoes, there could be no question of the destruction of the submarine vessel.

More welcome messages than that which announced the destruction of the Demon had not entered the palace in a long while.

The Czar was every inch a man, and a brave man at that, but he would not have been human had not the knowledge that he was surrounded by secret enemies thirsting for his blood had a depressing effect on him.

Day by day the conspiracy grew in strength and in boldness, and more than one attempt had already been made on his life. He could not place confidence in any one, for more than one of the State counsellors had been proved to be in league with the Nihilists. Even members of his own family, his own blood, were suspected of desiring his death.

When the Czar learned of the existence of the Demon he had been greatly troubled, perhaps as much because he suspected the identity of her masked captain as from any fear of the damage she could do Russia's shipping.

So he hailed the news of the Demon's destruction with deep joy.

It was one danger more removed from his path.

Among those who came into daily contact with the Czar were men of genius, ability and learning, and some few of them urged on the Czar the necessity of relaxing the severity of the laws of the empire.

"Never!" cried the stern old man, with set face. "Never! It would not remedy the evil. I have liberated the serfs, and it is they who are at the bottom of all this turmoil and trouble."

But Nihilism had struck root in other places than the minds and hearts of the Russian peasantry, and the same telegram that carried joy into the palace carried sorrow to ten thousand hearts, a sorrow which each man kept locked within his own breast, not daring to communicate it to his neighbor.

But the Czar rejoiced when there was reason for fear rather than rejoicing.

Why?

Simply because the Demon had escaped uninjured the trap laid to insure her destruction.

The torpedoes had been sunk in a bunch in the channel, and wires led away on either side to near the shore line.

Had the Demon gone straight up the channel nothing on

earth could have saved her from instant and absolute destruction. It was the intention to keep the Demon in the channel, but being compelled to rely on the compass alone, Tom had strayed from a true course.

The vessel struck the wires fully a thousand feet from where the torpedoes were planted.

It was a terrible few seconds to both Tom and Captain Diabolus that elapsed between the time when the latter reversed the Demon's engine and the time of the explosion.

The Demon's headway could not be checked in time.

She forged heavily ahead, struck and tautened the wires, releasing a trip-hammer, which in turn exploded the torpedoes by completing an electric circuit in falling.

In an instant came the report.

It sounded in the ears of those on board the Demon like a thousand peals of thunder condensed into one. The vessel trembled from stem to stern like a leaf that is blown upon by a gale, and for one second Tom feared she would be rent asunder.

The next instant a gigantic roll of churned and foaming water, starting from the central point of the explosive, caught up the Demon and carried her with it, exercising as irresistible a force as the maelstrom would with a little chip.

The roll struck the Demon with fearful force, and the shock hurled both Tom and Captain Diabolus to the floor, and there they remained, unable to rise, while the boiling water tossed and sported with the vessel and buffeted her about, as if it were some vicious demon actuated by demoniac glee.

But the greatest of dangers they had to fear—the explosion of the torpedoes in the Demon—they were saved from. The body of water which intervened between the vessel and the point of the explosion formed an elastic shield, and prevented the terrible concussion from reaching her with sufficient force.

From the time of the explosion until it was all over and the Demon was lying at rest did not exceed one minute. But it was a terrible minute. It was one of those minutes in which a man can live a whole lifetime.

Captain Diabolus and Tom both regained their feet at the same time, and each looked at the other.

"Safe!" exclaimed Tom.

"It is over!" said Captain Diabolus, in a hoarse tone, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. But even at such a juncture as this he did not forget to raise his handkerchief so as to keep his face as much concealed from Tom as though he had never lifted his mask.

Bill Brace now came hurrying from the rear of the vessel, and, seeing Tom was safe, at once retreated to his own quarters.

Tom uttered no further word, but waited until Diabolus should signify his pleasure.

The captain was not long in making up his mind. After making several turns the length of the pilot-house, he hoarsely said:

"We will on to St. Petersburg!"

"There may be other sunken torpedoes in our way," Tom now made bold to say.

"We must try, then, to avoid them," was the calm reply. "Now that we know that a certain danger threatens us, we can guard against it. And, more, knowing it and being destroyed, we deserve the fate for our carelessness."

Stepping to the wheel, Captain Diabolus took hold of it, touched a key, and the Demon began moving slowly ahead. Glancing at the compass, he brought the vessel's bow around to the right course, and then summoned Tom to his side to assist him in keeping a lookout for the wires of other torpedoes.

And he was wise enough to now choose a course to one side of the channel.

However, there were no other torpedoes to interfere with them, and when the water became too shallow to admit of remaining beneath the surface, they ascended, and stole along like some dark shadow in the direction of St. Petersburg.

As on a previous occasion, Captain Diabolus paid Radetsky a visit, taking Tom with him. But Emilia was not to be seen. The journey to the Jew's and the return were made safely and without incident.

Retiring down the river about a mile, the Demon was again halted, and all the torpedoes on board were taken ashore and buried at the foot of a tree.

Then back to the gulf they went, and at its bottom lay concealed for three days, only arising during the night to open the deck door and permit fresh air to enter the vessel.

On the third evening, earlier than Diabolus had ever ventured to the river before, he raised the Demon, and proceeded to St. Petersburg again.

Once more Diabolus and Tom went to Radetsky's, and here



Tom saw gathered a number of men whose bearing, garb and appearance bespoke them as no ordinary men. Everybody was in high good humor, and Tom gathered that what they had conspired for—the Czar's death—was not far distant.

"The time has come," said Captain Diabolus. "Let us away to the appointed place. Everything ready, Radetsky?"

"It is."

In pairs they departed, and met some time later in a rough little house, the former home of some peasant.

Here was an electric battery and a key, from which ran a wire through a subterranean passage to an excavation beneath the dining-hall of the palace, where had been transported the torpedoes manufactured by Bill Brace.

In his hand Radetsky held his watch.

"Time!" muttered Radetsky, in a suppressed voice.

Tom's arm was grasped by a firm hand, and Captain Diabolus drew him forward to the key.

"It is fitting that a native of a free country should strike this blow at despotism," he said, in a cold, stern voice. "Therefore, do you press down the key."

The young fellow saw it was obey or die, and with a mental prayer that his action might bring harm to none, he touched the key and pressed it down. And from afar off came a dull and sullen rumble, telling that the mine had done its hideous work.

Then with exultant cries the Nihilists rushed from the hut, and were swallowed up in the darkness as they spread in all directions.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

Emilia was so terrified as to be perfectly helpless in the hands of the Russian officer who laid hold of her, and tore off her veil beneath the light of the street lamp.

"The count's daughter!" he had exclaimed, and then called to his companions that taking her to the Czar meant promotion for them all and death for Emilia; not that she had committed any crime, poor girl, but simply because she was born the daughter of a certain man whom the Czar feared and the people loved.

At the juncture that the officer exclaimed: "The count's daughter!" one of the three other men hastily asked in a whisper:

"Is this true, Radetsky?"

"Yes."

"We all believed her dead. How does she come to be with you?"

"To my care—the Jew's care—the father entrusted his daughter."

"Quick—Radetsky—go now! We will save the girl."

"I will trust you," said the Jew, and while the three men grouped together to shield him, Radetsky hurried away.

Straight to his original destination he went, thrust a letter beneath a certain door, and then hurried off homeward through the darkest and most deserted by-streets.

He had not been there long when the signal came that somebody waited for admittance.

He went through the dark back room, and when he returned to the lighted middle room he was followed by the three officers, while on his arm clung Emilia.

"I was wrong in taking you into the street," said the Jew, in a self-approaching tone. "I might have known it was risky work, and had you really been lost to me I should go direct to Siberia and end my life in your father's presence in expiation of my crime."

"Crime! You would have committed no crime," said Emilia.

"Yes, I should. The trust reposed in me would have been falsified."

Emilia now sank into a chair.

After a glass of wine had been drunk, the three conspirators took their departure.

"They were kind to you?" Radetsky inquiringly said to Emilia, when the men were gone. "They were thoughtful and remembered your sex and rank?"

"They were—they did?" said Emilia, eagerly. "I was sorry—" she paused and shuddered—"but I did not see it done; they took care that I should not. But he must have been killed! Radetsky, just think of it—my going out to-night has led to the death of a human being. I will never leave the house again."

In the morning some early riser found the dead body of a Russian general on the sidewalk of a street that was little traveled after nightfall.

The alarm was given.

The police were soon at the spot, and at once took charge of the body.

A murder had been committed.

This was evidenced by the knife wound which had robbed him of life.

But who had struck the blow?

Search as they might, question whom they please, the Russian police could find no clew to the assassin whose hand had stricken down one of the most devoted of the Czar's adherents.

His death was finally attributed to the Nihilists, and beyond this the mystery surrounding his death could not be solved.

Similar cases of sudden death—startling in point of number—had occurred before, and this was only one more mystery to add to an already long list.

Emilia kept her resolve not to endanger both Radetsky and herself, and would not again venture into the street. But in the evening, when the Jew expected no visitors, she and Radetsky would exercise in the little yard for an hour or so.

Just before the conspirators departed to explode the mine under the palace, Emilia might have been seen in her room, with her cheeks aglow and her eyes flashing.

The thought of murder itself was horrible to the girl. But she could look forward to that night's intended work with pleasure. In the Czar's violent death she failed to see anything murderous; she saw it only as a blow at a desperate government—a government which was cruel and unjust, which had ground Radetsky's race to the earth, and had sent her father in chains to slave in the Siberian mines.

There was a hole through which she could see into the middle room below, and the flush on her cheek grew deeper when her eyes rested on a certain person, the youngest in the company—the American.

When the company had departed she sat herself down to patiently await Radetsky's return.

He came at last.

Emilia was downstairs when he came swiftly, yet almost noiselessly, in, his face glowing with exultation, his eyes sparkling with joy, and exclaimed:

"It is done! Russia's tyrant is dead! The shackles of despotism are broken, and a brighter day dawns for Jews and Christians. The American's hand sent the fatal spark that tumbled the palace about the stern autocrat's ears."

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### CHAGRINED CONSPIRATORS.

The plans of the Nihilists, or conspirators, had been excellently laid and perfectly carried out, but fate stepped in and befriended the Czar.

The train on which his guests were to arrive was delayed, a fact of which the conspirators had no knowledge. The delay saved the Czar's life.

Just three minutes later than the time set for proceeding to the royal dining-room, the ceremonious procession toward that place was set in motion.

The attendant's hand was in the act of flinging open the door to let the royal party enter, when—unexpected and terrifying—came the terrible, booming report and the dreadful crash.

The last rumbling echo of the horrid explosion died out, and then became heard for the first time the piteous shrieks of the waiters who had just entered for the purpose of waiting at the table.

The Czar himself—he whose life had been aimed at—was the first to recover himself, and with a stern command on his lips that the palace guards should follow him, he sprang across the threshold.

The wounded and dead were carried out by those who had been inspired with courage by the brave old man—for brave he was, whatever his faults may have been.

Then the telegraph carried the news to the uttermost ends of the earth, and whole nations were shocked at the dastardly secret attempt on the Czar's life.

Great was the chagrin of the conspirators on learning that their attempt on the Czar's life had failed. A feast that Radetsky had designed to give had to be postponed to some indefinite time in the future.

Captain Diabolus had returned with Tom to the Demon immediately on leaving the hut where Tom had sent the electric spark on its terrible mission.

The young fellow was nearly wild.

That the Czar had been killed by the explosion neither he nor Captain Diabolus doubted, and Tom's heart was wrung with bitterness that he had been the instrument of that destruction of life.



More than once, as they hastened along toward the Demon, a desperate idea crossed Tom's mind.

Why not set upon and disable Captain Diabolus, and then return alone to the Demon and rescue Bill? As for Diabolus—when he recovered consciousness let him take his strange vessel and go whither he would.

More than once Tom had told Bill that he believed Diabolus was half a wizard, for he had many times divined the secret current of his thoughts when Tom had uttered no word to give him a clue.

It occurred to Diabolus as natural that Tom might have some just such thoughts as were then in his mind, and Tom saw that while apparently off his guard, Captain Diabolus was really cognizant of every move he made.

Tom remembered those noiseless revolvers with a shudder, and for the present gave up all hope of making his escape from the clutches of the man who had given himself such a striking and characteristic name.

They reached the Demon, and boarding her, started down the Neva.

Passing out of the river, they went the length of the gulf, and, in fact, exactly retraced the course of a few days ago, in due season arriving at Rouen.

Here Diabolus learned from Defarge that the plot had miscarried, and that the Czar had escaped uninjured.

Something like an oath was hissed out, and then Diabolus gritted his teeth—producing a sound not unlike that of a dog crunching a bone.

After a few minutes he was himself again, and speaking quite calmly to Defarge, bade him allow a few minutes for thought.

"I have another plan," said Diabolus, in a few minutes, and then sat down beside Defarge, and the two conversed in earnest whispers for quite a little while.

A perfect understanding was finally arrived at, for Defarge grinned, gloated, hugged himself, and expressed in words keen appreciation of the new idea that had been given birth by the brain of Captain Diabolus.

The latter now departed, his last words being:

"At the appointed hour to-morrow night you will be ready?"

"Oui, M. Diabolus—oui. It is the very thing."

"Where now?" asked Tom, when Diabolus had returned to the Demon.

"To deep water—the nearest at hand," answered the captain, his manner being that of one greatly preoccupied. "We must be here to-morrow night at eleven."

This was more of his confidence than Diabolus usually condescended to bestow on Tom, to whom the reason why he did so was apparent—he did not know he was giving it.

"Return to-morrow night?" thought Tom, a wild hope springing up in his heart. "Ah! heaven grant that I may hit on some plan of escape by that time."

When the Demon had been sunk in deep water, and Tom went to his berth, it was to lie there and ponder over plans for escape. And finally he hit on one which at least promised a show of success.

Quacco was exceedingly fond of liquor, and Captain Diabolus regularly measured out a certain quantity for him three times a day.

On the plea of having a dreadful cramp, Captain Diabolus brought out the liquor for Tom, who took mighty good care to take a good quantity, although he did not drink a drop.

Not long after Bill Brace was taken with a cramp, and some more liquor was secreted.

After Captain Diabolus had taken his departure from the Demon on returning to keep his engagement with Defarge, Tom stood the liquor where Quacco would be sure to see it.

The black giant finally found the liquor. The circumstance looked suspicious, and he glanced toward Tom and Bill. Neither of them was looking or seemed at all conscious.

At one gulp Quacco took nearly a third of it, and he never paused until the whole had passed down his capacious throat. The liquor mastered Quacco.

In fifteen minutes he was as helpless as though bound hand and foot.

"Now for liberty!" exclaimed Tom.

He and Bill sprang to the stairs and up them. The door was fastened. They would have to find the spring that controlled it. But, though they searched carefully, it avoided the closest scrutiny, and in their agony of mingling hopes and fears, they trembled like leaves, and the sweat ran in streams down their faces.

"I've got it!" at last came the glad cry.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## BALKED.

"I've got it!"

These glad-toned words fell from the lips of Tom Hunt, just as he was about ready to give up in despair the search for the spring that controlled the deck door and barred them from liberty.

"Thank heaven!"

The latter turned to look at Quacco. The black demon was still under the influence of liquor they had obtained from Captain Diabolus by an artifice, and afterward placed in his way.

"Won't she open?" queried Bill Brace, as he turned again toward Tom.

The latter had, indeed, found the situation of the spring, or rather a small knob connecting with the spring, which, now that he knew its location, seemed as plain as the nose on his face.

But having found the knob was not the only thing necessary.

It now remained to find out how to manipulate the knob so as to cause the deck door to open.

First Tom tried pulling it—then pushing it—then pulling it again. It would not do. Then he tried shoving it to one side. Then he pushed it up—then pushed it down, and—

The door slid open.

But when Tom took an upward step, and his head reached the level of the deck, he gave utterance to a smothered cry of dismay.

He had run his forehead against something cold.

It was the muzzle of a revolver!

And the weapon was held in the hand of Captain Diabolus.

A low, almost noiseless, peculiar laugh which Captain Diabolus indulged himself in, was anything save reassuring.

Tom felt the chilling muzzle of the revolver pressed more tightly against his head, and involuntarily shrank from before it. Diabolus followed him up, uttering no word, but now and then adding a few waves to that mocking laugh of his.

And thus, in this grim silence, Tom backed down the stairs step by step, followed by Captain Diabolus, who took excellent care to keep the revolver's muzzle against Tom's head.

When they were both below the level of the deck, the door glided shut.

With a quick and powerful shove of the revolver, Captain Diabolus pressed Tom backward so suddenly that the young fellow was obliged to spring back and down to save himself from falling.

Now Captain Diabolus faced the two captives.

His arms he folded on his breast, the weapon in his hand being partially concealed thereby.

Standing thus he gazed at them in silence for a full two minutes.

"A well-laid plan, truly," he then said, with a sneer. "It showed a degree of genius and daring that I had hardly supposed you possessed. Is your cramp better?"

"Decidedly better," Tom boldly answered.

They were in for it, he saw, and he was determined in mind now to brave out the thing. He considered his fate as absolutely sealed, and felt that nothing could be gained by trying to temporize.

Captain Diabolus now drew a paper from his pocket. It was a French paper, he explained, and he said he would give a free translation of it as he read.

It was an account of the search made by the police, describing the discovery of the subterranean passage through which the earth taken from the hole beneath the palace had been removed. This passage being followed, they had emerged in the rude hut we have mentioned.

Here they found the battery and keyboard, as they had been left when the conspirators so hastily dispersed.

Now followed some hints as to who the parties concerned in the plot might have been, the whole winding up with the positive statement that the mine was exploded by a young American! and then came a graphic and correct pen-picture of Tom Hunt.

"Russian spies are searching for you at every seaport of Europe, and in every town. Come, here is the door. There, I fling it open! Do you wish liberty? Take it—and heaven save you from the Russian bloodhounds."

Captain Diabolus spoke with great dramatic effect, and Tom shrank back when he was sternly pointed toward the open door in the deck. In imagination he saw himself clutched in the merciless grasp of the rough-bearded Russian



bloodhounds, who, if they could not take him alive, would take him dead.

"Never again say that I have forced you to remain here against your will," sternly said Diabolus, and in a second more the door had closed. "Now go to your room, both of you!"

Nothing more occurred of any interest until just before they again reached the mouth of the Neva.

Tom was in the pilot-house with Diabolus when the latter uttered a glad shout. "The Czar is dead. At least we have been successful."

Tom wondered where Diabolus had obtained his news.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### RADETSKY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Jew had returned home highly elated, bearing to Emilia the news that Russia's autocrat was dead.

Emilia heard what he had to say, and while her face whitened and her lips quivered, a smile of pleasure could be seen struggling through.

"It means reform," said Emilia.

"Yes, or," and Radetsky spoke very bitterly, "the death of the next Czar. These conspiracies will never end until we have gained what we are after—our simple rights."

"You will get them now," said Emilia, with beaming face.

After some further conversation, the Jew and his lovely charge parted for the night, and did not meet again until well toward noon of the following day.

On descending the stairs, Emilia was struck by the gloomy appearance of Radetsky's face.

"What has happened to make you look so blue?" she asked, laying her hand on his shoulder as she reached his side.

"Circumstances befriended the Czar. He has escaped—was not even injured."

Emilia was surprised as well as depressed by this news.

It may seem little like the character of a gentle girl to be sorry that somebody had not been assassinated, yet a gentle and tender-hearted girl Emilia certainly was, in spite of the seeming contradiction.

With the Czar dead, her father might have been permitted to return to his home.

"Not even injured," repeated Radetsky, in a vacant way, a few seconds later. "Not even injured—and the working out of the plan of the subterranean shaft and mine cost me half of a princely fortune."

This reflection caused a low moan to arise to the Jew's lips.

"Never mind," said Emilia, soothingly, stroking his shaggy hair; "bad luck cannot follow us always."

"I hope not," was the gloomy reply; "but it has stuck to us well so far. Just think of it! The chance delay of a train, that is seldom or never behind time, robbed us of our revenge!"

The Jew was vexed to his heart's core, and it was many hours before he recovered his usual equanimity. His first care then was to beg Emilia's pardon for any possible harshness of demeanor which he might have exhibited during his despondent state.

Three nights after the blowing up of the palace there was a gathering of the chief conspirators at Radetsky's house. They could do little more than console with each other, being completely stumped by the result of their recent attempt on the Czar's life.

"We are having high old times at the palace now," said an officer who was attached to the Imperial Guard. "It only needs a breath of suspicion to rest on a man to insure his death. We executed a man to-day by the Czar's orders."

"Who was he?" several asked. "Not one who was leagued with us, I hope?"

"No, poor villain! He was innocent of being a Nihilist, although he was executed as being one. He was a police officer, and it was discovered that he had been doing something a little crooked. That made him a Nihilist, and he was killed."

The man's name being asked for and given, Radetsky learned that the fellow was the very one who had applied to him for a loan, and had threatened him in case of refusal.

The Jew understood the case clearly then, and saw why it was that the Russian had acted in such a desperate manner. He wanted money to buy his safety. Failing to obtain the price of concealment, he had been hauled over the coals.

The Czar was impatient. Incapacity alone, he thought, prevented the police from ferreting out the leaders in the plot. The police felt that they must do something, and they manu-

factured a Nihilist out of the unfortunate who had suffered death that day.

"Wheels within wheels" is an old and time-worn phrase. But there are a series of circumstances that can be no better described than by these quoted words.

While all those who were under Radetsky's roof that night were co-conspirators, in the same boat, sinking or swimming together, all were not treated with the same degree of confidence.

When the company was on the point of dispersing, Radetsky managed to detain two or three by means of a peculiar look which he gave them. One of these was the officer of the Imperial Guard.

When the three were alone, Radetsky took out and read a dispatch which had reached him that day in a roundabout way.

It was a peculiar dispatch in that it read innocently enough to one who had no hidden key to a hidden and inner meaning.

The secret meaning of the dispatch the Jew explained to the others.

"It is a bold scheme—very bold," said he of the Imperial Guard. "Its boldness, however, may lead to its being successful."

"Can it be done?" asked the Jew, in low but earnest and eager tones.

"I think so."

"Will you put the wheels in motion?"

"I will. And what sum can I promise the fellow for his assistance?"

"Ten thousand dollars," said the Jew, after a moment's thought. "Less money might buy the fellow, but this larger sum will probably bind him more faithfully to us."

"Clear as a bell," was the rejoinder, as the officer of the guard lightly touched the Jew's head. "Who does this idea originate with?"

"The sender of this dispatch," was the non-committal reply. "And now, gentlemen, good-night. Let us know how you succeed, for I shall wait anxiously until I hear."

"We must succeed," said the guardsman. "But before we go, Radetsky, bring out that prime liquor of yours. Ha! you keep it close at hand. I have filled up—fill up your glasses now. You are ready? Then drink—speedy death to the Czar!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### "WHO CAN I TRUST?"

The toast of a "speedy death to the Czar!" having been drunk, the officer of the Imperial Guard and his companion took their departure.

Emilia waited until they were gone, and then, as was her custom, came down to spend a brief while with the Jew ere they separated for the night.

"My dear child," said Radetsky, affectionately, as Emilia entered the room, "I believe I shall have to put you in traces for your own good."

"Traces!" and Emilia laughed. "Traces! How in traces? What new notion has got into my little guardian's head?"

"I was just thinking, as I heard you descend the stairs, that I permitted you to remain up every night until I have gone to bed. Now, this is wrong. Late hours will surely steal the roses from your cheeks."

"I shall hardly grieve—"

Emilia suddenly paused.

Radetsky also heard that which had caused Emilia to pause—the sound of approaching footsteps.

He half started up, but not this time in the same alarm as when once before footsteps had been heard under almost the same circumstances.

As on the previous occasion, the knob was turned, the door shewed open, and the Jew and the girl saw the masked man who had bade them call him the Exile.

"You are welcome," said the Jew.

The Exile glanced toward Emilia.

She vaguely understood that he was waiting for her to supplement the Jew's welcome, and this she gracefully and promptly did.

Bowing his acknowledgment, the Exile came forward and accepted the chair which Radetsky proffered him.

The Exile's head dropped presently, and he remained silent for some minutes. The other respected his desire for silence, and uttered no word now sought to draw him from his reverie.

"It was too bad that such a well-laid plan should fail," he said—or almost blurted, so suddenly and forcibly did he speak when he broke the silence.



Radetsky nodded.

"Too bad—too bad! I could almost have cried when I heard of it, strong man though I am. Tell me, has anything more been done? Is there any plan on the stocks?"

Again Radetsky nodded.

Emilia glanced from one to the other, and thinking possibly her presence acted as a restraint, arose to take her departure, but paused when the Exile held up his hand.

"Nay," he said; "do you remain. We have nothing to say that should cause a shudder to one in whose veins courses the brave blood of him you call father."

"It is hardly fitting that her ears should be permitted to hear the details of these plans," Radetsky said. "If it is your wish, though—" and he paused in a manner that bespoke a genuine deference for the Exile.

"Let it be as she wishes," said the Exile, directing his gaze in Emilia's direction.

The girl bowed, and acting as in her judgment was best, at once withdrew.

"So we are free now," said the Jew. "I said we had a plan. Should you like to hear it?"

"Yes."

"It is poison!"

"How administered?"

"In his food."

"In his food? How are you going to accomplish that?"

"By bribing one who is in a position to slip the poison into a dish of food."

"The man's name?"

"Varrovitch."

The Exile started.

"An excellent plan," he said; "but the man is a bad one to trust. He would betray anybody, and more than likely would be treacherous with you."

"You seem to know him well?"

"I do," said the Exile, bitterly. "I now know that it was his long and treacherous tongue which gave me the first trouble."

"But General — has already taken steps, perhaps, to see this man."

"The deuce you say! He must be warned at once. I will go and see him myself. But stay! You are usually well informed, Radetsky. Can you give me the names of those employed in the Czar's kitchen?"

"I can," was the reply.

How thoroughly the Nihilists or conspirators were posted was evidenced by the list which the Jew now produced.

It contained the names of all the servants of the Czar's household, from the meanest scullion to the Czar's private secretary.

Slowly the Jew read down the list.

Suddenly the Exile halted him.

"Repeat that last name."

"Muniesky."

"Pedro?"

"Ay—Pedro Muniesky."

"Position?"

"Assistant cook for pastry."

"Trusted?"

"Every confidence is placed in him."

"Good! That simplifies matters. And now what about the poison? Have you got it here?"

"Yes."

As Radetsky answered, he drew forth a scrap of white paper, which looked as if it might have been torn from a letter.

"It is contained in the pulp of that paper," said the Jew. "A thimbleful of water with this placed in it for a few seconds will become so poisonous that a whole regiment could be killed."

Humbly Radetsky placed the bit of paper in the Exile's hand, and the strange man took his leave.

Straight to the house of General — he went, saw that gentleman for less than five minutes, and then went swiftly away toward the worst section of the city.

In a saloon here he went, and after gazing keenly around, approached and spoke to a man, who turned pale as death at sound of the Exile's voice, and then followed him with cheeks all aglow.

"You know my voice?"

"I do," was the warm-toned reply. "And heaven only knows how glad I am to speak to my old and best loved master."

"You still retain the old affection for me?"

"I do. Try me."

"I mean to," and then the Exile led him further away, and in a dark corner he and Pedro Muniesky discussed the chances of compassing the Czar's death.

Muniesky was thoroughly trusted, yet was so little tied to the interests of the Czar that a few words had bound him to support his old master's scheme of revenge.

In the morning, when the palace was opened, Muniesky entered at the hour he usually returned when absent overnight. He was accompanied by the Exile, disguised as a professional cook.

Muniesky was that day ordered to make a particular dish for the Czar's use. Into this a thimbleful of poisoned water was placed. At the proper time the dish was taken in, and Muniesky's friend was just beating a retreat when an alarm rang out. Instantly every doorman sprang to close his door, and prepared to guard it with sword and pistol.

From door to door the Exile flew, but could pass none.

The Czar's officers were now rushing in every direction, and the Exile at last was seen by the chief of the Czar's detectives.

"Stop that man!" he yelled, pointing a finger at the Exile. "He is Roloff, the convict, who has escaped from the Siberian mines!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

"That man is Roloff, the convict, who has escaped from the Siberian mines!"

What consternation and excitement the mention of that name produced!

It was the name of one of the greatest among the great Russian nobles, allied by blood to the Czar, and in the opinion of many his family had more right to the throne than that of Alexander.

Roloff, or the Exile, as he pleased to call himself, turned toward the chief detective of the palace when he had thus denounced him, and fastening on the fellow a pair of sternly flashing eyes he quite calmly said:

"Listen, sirrah! You, who denounce me thus, are guilty of base ingratitude to one who spared your life more than once. Your action stamps you for the cur that you are, and for this your life shall pay the forfeit. Yes, I am Roloff; now stay my course, if you can."

The Exile's form was borne proudly erect, and for a brief second he gazed contemptuously at the detective, with folded arms. Then he balked a hostile move by swiftly drawing a brace of revolvers.

Then to the doorman he said:

"Ni——"

"—hil——" The doorman promptly added the second syllable.

"——ist," said Roloff, finishing the password "Nihilist."

The doorman glanced around, then flung open the door, and the Exile bounded through.

Another guard was reached.

He was loyal to his master, the Czar.

His loyalty cost him his life.

Door after door and guard after guard were passed as if by magic. In some cases his password caused the door to fly open, in other cases he knew the guards and shouted out who he was, and with them the name of Roloff was like the "open sesame" of the Arabian Nights' tale.

Meanwhile the alarm was wildly ringing through the palace, and within five minutes from the time it first rang forth every outer portal of the palace was guarded by a squad of the Imperial Guard.

Then came a strict search of the palace, but no trace of Roloff was to be found.

Then a dread rumor flashed through the palace, and was passed from one pair of pale and trembling lips to another. That rumor said that a dish of which the Czar had eaten had been poisoned, and that he was dying.

This news could not be retained within the palace walls. Indeed, in less than half an hour it had spread all over St. Petersburg, carrying sorrow to a few hearts, but joy to many others.

Even Radetsky knew of it without even having left his house or having heard a word. From his window he had observed a certain signal which he understood.

His face at once lighted up with a joyful look, but having been so bitterly disappointed before he did not go into the same extravagance of expression.

When he went out into the streets it was to hear all sorts of rumors.



One was that the Czar was dead. Another was that he had been poisoned, was not dead yet, but would die.

All this was very unsatisfactory to Radetsky, but he could do nothing except wait as patiently as possible until such time as the truth should reach him, and this would not be so very long, for one of the Czar's consulting physicians was a Nihilist, and would let out the truth at the proper time.

Late in the evening, Radetsky had a visitor in the person of a general in the Czar's household.

He bore a note from the consulting physician alluded to, to Radetsky:

"It was well done. Accident alone saved the Czar's life. He will live."

So the note ran, and that was all of it. There was no address on it, it was not signed, and the handwriting was disguised.

The general swore roundly over their ill-luck, and said that a mistake had been made in not acquainting some of the faithful ones with the fact that such an attempt was to be made.

"It came near costing Roloff his life," said the visitor. "I had not heard of his escape, nor had the Czar, so it was a complete surprise to everybody. What a foolish man he was to risk his life in such an undertaking!"

A short while later the general departed, and Emilia came down from the upper floor to spend an hour with the Jew.

A few minutes subsequently Radetsky was brought to his feet by an imperative-toned summons from the private entrance. He sprang to answer it, and two or three minutes later reeled back into the room, pale as a corpse, and cried:

"Your hat, Emilia! Where is it? Quick! our lives are threatened!"

## CHAPTER XX.

### PUT ON OATH.

Captain Diabolus was not a man who took kindly to being questioned, and Tom dared not question him as to where he had obtained the information that at last the object of the Nihilists, the Czar's death, had been accomplished.

The captain, however, paved the way for the asking of the question, even if he did not invite it, his great good humor rendering him quite sociable.

So when Tom had asked him how he knew, Captain Diabolus bade him approach the window, and then pointed out to him a pretty little chateau on the bank, with a number of pretty towers and angles.

"Do you see a window in the northeast tower that is curtained with red?"

"I do."

"By that I know that blood has flown—or rather that the Czar is dead. That window would be covered by a blue shade under other circumstances."

Having told Tom this much, he suddenly put a seal on his lips and became mute as an oyster.

All that day they lay at the bottom of the gulf, and not until nearly midnight did they venture up the Neva to St. Petersburg.

Before taking his departure, Captain Diabolus demanded of Tom a pledge that he would not endeavor to escape during his absence.

This Tom gave. It would have been useless to have withheld the pledge required, for he could have made assurance doubly sure by putting them in irons had the pledge been refused.

Tom felt sure, immediately on the return of Captain Diabolus, that he had heard unpleasant news during his absence.

And so he had.

He deigned to tell Tom, as the Little Demon was flying down the river, that the attempt to poison the Czar had failed.

"A servant found an opportunity and took a good mouthful or two of the Czar's private dish on the sly. His suddenly falling sick aroused suspicion in time to save the Czar's life. He had a mouthful of it just when he was warned."

"Why not give it up?" said Tom. "Surely Heaven must be against you, or the Czar would have fallen a victim long ago."

"Do you know," said Captain Diabolus, suddenly wheeling about and grasping Tom by the arm, while he bent on him a piercing gaze, "do you know I've sometimes wondered if Heaven was against us—was protecting the Czar? Do you believe anything like that could be?"

"I believe it could be, for He is all powerful," said Tom, reverently.

They passed the mouth of the river and went down the gulf perhaps a dozen miles. Then Diabolus sank the Demon to the bottom.

"Accompany me!" he said to Tom when the vessel was at rest.

He led the way toward the rear of the vessel, pausing on the way to arouse Bill Brace and Quacco. He then passed on to the spot where Bill had done the manufacturing of torpedoes.

Quickly Diabolus explained what he wanted done. Tom was to remain in charge, and Bill and Quacco were to work under his directions in the preparation of a quantity of hand-grenades.

Having seen them get to work, Captain Diabolus withdrew to his room in front of the pilot-house. No more was seen of him for nearly a dozen hours afterward.

It took three days to manufacture the number of hand-grenades wanted by Diabolus.

Then once more the Demon was raised and headed up the river toward St. Petersburg.

Captain Diabolus brought her to a halt in the same position as she had occupied on the occasion of her last visit, and then prepared to leave the Demon.

"Tom!"

Captain Diabolus spoke as sharply as unexpectedly.

"Ay—ay, sir," touching his forelock.

"I am going on a perilous—a very perilous—mission to-night, and it is possible that I may never return. In case I do not— No one is near us?"

"No, sir."

"In case I do not, then I want you to do something for me. Here is a gold ring—there!—I have broken it. Here is a part of you—preserve it carefully. Should I not come back, I want you to take the Demon to the United States, and there keep her until she is claimed by a person bearing the other half of this ring. Will you do so?"

"I will. But how about getting out of this craft? I do not know the secret of the door."

"Quacco does, and will reveal it when you show him that ring and nod your head thrice. But you must swear never to use this means of learning except in the contingency named. Swear!"

Tom swore at once to do as he had already promised, and then Diabolus disappeared with a bundle containing the hand-grenades.

Hours passed on, and Tom began to think that there was every probability of his being called upon to carry out the stipulations of his oath.

Why did not Diabolus return?

At last day dawned.

Looking from the pilot-house window, Tom saw that a person passing had seen the Demon, and now stood gazing at her with open-mouthed wonder.

Tom was glad, yet sorry.

He hated to think that Diabolus had been killed or captured, and yet was glad to think that it meant an end to his captivity, and his tone was a joyous one as he cried to Bill:

"Off for home!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### AT RADETSKY'S.

"Our lives in danger!"

Emilia echoed Radetsky's words instead of obeying his behest to make haste and obtain her hat.

"Hurry!" was the only reply vouchsafed by the Jew, who had pulled out a bunch of keys and was busily unlocking the drawer of a desk.

In that drawer reposed certain papers, which would have exposed many a one to the danger of an ignominious death should this evidence fall into the hands of the government.

Impressed by Radetsky's manner, Emilia bounded upstairs in quest of a hat and veil.

With these on she descended as swiftly as she could.

Just as she had announced herself in readiness, and Radetsky was on the point of bidding her follow him, a man dashed into the room.

"You, general?" exclaimed the Jew. "Then danger presses close!"

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the general.

"A squad of soldiers are on the way to take me prisoner."

"Say you so?" and the general spoke in a puzzled tone. "Surely there must be some mistake here, for the breath of suspicion has never attached itself to you."

"That was the warning I received."



"I can't understand it. The Czar's orders first reach me, and I give them out, and none of the orders referred to you."

"Explain it if you can. If you cannot, we must go at once, for it will not do to waste time that cannot be afforded."

"Who brought the message? So the general asked.

"The fellow you met at the door—who is waiting to guide me to a place of safety."

"Ha! His name?"

"Mahrhoff."

"I understand now," and light broke across the general's face. "I should have recognized his voice, but failed to do so. He challenged me, I gave the signal, and was permitted to pass. He was sent to warn Petroffsky, the Jew, instead of Radetsky, the Jew."

"It is Petroffsky, then, against whom the order is out?"

"Yes. The messenger has made a mistake. Quick, Radetsky! Send him to warn your compatriot."

Radetsky sprang to the back entrance.

The next minute the messenger was flying to warn Petroffsky of his danger.

"I came here to prepare you for the receiving into your house of Petroffsky," said the general. "Through me the messenger was told to say that he was to be followed to a place of safety—by which I meant this house. You will receive him here?"

An expression of displeasure crossed the Jew's face.

"I don't wish anybody to remain here permanently; I don't care who it is. Since the order has so gone forth, I will receive and keep him for twenty-four hours, by which time you must find him an asylum elsewhere. Have you forgotten this lady, general?" indicating Emilia. "The secret of her presence here is known only to a few, and must not be divulged to more than who know it. How can it be kept secret if Petroffsky or anybody else is introduced into this house to remain permanently?"

"I had forgotten," apologized the general. "Do not attribute it to any lack of devotion to the interests of this fair being," and the general had just pressed his lips to Emilia's hand, when a deep voice said:

"It were better for you had you never been born, than that you were trusted with the secret of her existence even, and then failed in your devotion."

"The Exile!" Emilia murmured.

Radetsky had turned on his heel and faced him who had uttered these almost menacing words.

After a single glance at him, the Jew hurried to Emilia's side and whispered to her to retire to her room.

She bowed gracefully and disappeared, followed by the eyes that gleamed through the mask that covered the Exile's face.

Instead of resenting the brusque speech of the newcomer, the general bared and bent his head.

"You wrong me!" cried the general.

"So I do," said the Exile. "Forgive me for hurting your feelings. You will grant me pardon?" in a genuine warmth of tone.

"Most willingly, Lord Roloff," was the reply. "And now will you grant a request of mine, and lay aside the mask while in our company?"

"Henceforth address me only as the Exile; speak of me only as the Exile. It is the safer and better way, and will please me best."

The general bowed, and then, the mask being removed, gazed long and earnestly at the Exile's face.

"Life in Siberia has altered you much," he ventured to say.

"It has," and for a single instant a terrible passion convulsed the Exile's features and caused fire to flash from his eyes.

He conquered himself with an effort, and as he faced the Jew an amused smile flitted about the corners of his heavy but well-shaped mouth.

"You are surprised?" he said.

"Not now. The surprise came when I learned that Roloff had been seen within the palace. Your escape is considered as a miracle."

The Exile smiled grimly.

At this instant came the signal again.

The general concealed himself, the Exile assumed his mask, and Radetsky, having departed, soon returned with the messenger of danger and the threatened Jew, Petroffsky.

The latter the Exile took under his own charge with a promise to see him in a safe place, and soon took his leave.

Then the general came forth, talked a few minutes with Radetsky, and also departed.

No sooner was the Jew alone than he opened a cabinet, and from it took a dust-covered bottle. It contained wine, so

aged and excellent that it was almost worth its weight in gold.

He seldom tasted liquor in any shape, but he had been unstrung, and felt the need now of something to brace up his nerves.

"This has been a night of surprises," he muttered to himself, as he smacked his lips over the oily wine, which imparted a generous warmth to his whole system, and toned up his nerves instantly.

It had indeed been a night of surprises. But the greatest surprise of all was in store for him still. It was thrust suddenly upon him as he corked up the bottle and turned away from the cabinet where he had replaced it.

In turning away he faced the door leading from the secret passage.

The door was open, and on its portal stood the wasted figure of a man. The figure was almost that of a skeleton, the face was cadaverous and the eyes deeply sunken. One bony hand clung to the door jamb for support, while the other was extended toward the Jew.

The latter trembled in every joint as he gazed at his visitor, who looked like one just risen from the grave. Then the Jew staggered rather than walked toward his singular guest.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE EXILE ON BOARD THE DEMON.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" bellowed Bill Brace, when Tom had answered his startled query as to what he had said by repeating: "Off for home."

"Do you mean it?" gasped Bill, after having given three cheers with a will.

"I do," said Tom. "There is no use of waiting longer for—"

Just then he glanced out of the window.

"Here he comes now!"

Tom was glad at heart when he had thus received ocular demonstration that Captain Diabolus was still in the land of the living.

"And," Tom added, with emphasis, "he's got two others with him."

So he had.

He was coming in a hurry, for it was very late and he did not know who might observe them. But only the gaping individual seen by Tom was there to witness the embarkation of the three men on board the Demon, and he shrank back when the three drew near him.

Captain Diabolus greeted Tom in a kinder tone than he had ever used before, and later on took occasion to say that he highly valued the young fellow's trustiness.

"We must away for England," said Diabolus as he started the Demon down the river.

Just ere they reached the spot where the Russian batteries might fire on them, had they been apprised of the Demon's nearness, Diabolus sunk her below the surface.

Here she was kept until all danger from the shot and shell had been left far astern, and then she was brought to the surface.

Tom was now invited to take the wheel, after he had first traced out a course that would soon bring them to English soil.

"It made no difference what part of England it was," Captain Diabolus told Tom. "All they wanted was to land a passenger in English dominions."

Which of the two persons was to be landed on English soil, Tom was not long in determining. It was the Jew, and not the man who wore a mask almost exactly similar to that of Captain Diabolus.

The run was a speedy and pleasant one, and Tom found his conjectures right as to which of the two men was to be landed.

It was the Jew.

He was put ashore on a rocky headland, and Tom overheard the masked stranger say to him:

"Petroffsky, if you will take my advice, you will keep in some little town for a while, change your name, and as soon as possible go to America."

"I will do so," was the reply; "I was a fool for ever leaving there and coming to Russia."

"Now back to the Neva."

So said Captain Diabolus when the deck door was closed, and Tom turned the Demon's prow about and retraced their recent course.

But one day he overheard that which caused his eyes to open with astonishment.

He was at the wheel, and Captain Diabolus and his guest were in the room immediately forward of it. The door stood slightly ajar.



The two masked men had been talking some little time, and gradually, as they became more earnest, their voices became louder.

Tom finally heard:

"You must admit, sir, that the claims of my family to the throne of Russia are as good as the claims of the Romanoff family, which now governs."

"But I do not admit," Captain Diabolus returned, warmly. "The family of Romanoff belongs on the throne because the voice of the people placed it there."

Not long after Captain Diabolus emerged and carelessly asked Tom if he knew just where they were. But careless as was the captain's demeanor, Tom knew that he had come out with a purpose, and that purpose was to try and discover if anything they had said had been overheard.

By a great effort Tom managed to put a very blank expression into his face, and pretended not to observe the closeness of the captain's scrutiny.

He played his part well, and Diabolus returned to his guest, satisfied that Tom had learned nothing. Presently the latter heard the conversation resumed, but now conducted entirely in the Russian tongue.

"Diabolus is either a brother or a son of the Czar," Tom told Bill, in a whisper, when he got a chance.

And Bill looked wise and said:

"I allers know'd he wasn't no common man, from the way he stepped and talked."

They arrived off the mouth of the Neva while it was yet light, and consequently the Demon was sunk to the bottom to await the fall of night.

After the hour had arrived when it was considered safe to move, the Demon was taken up the river, and was once more halted near the outskirts of St. Petersburg.

"I have an errand to attend to, Tom," said Diabolus, "and I want you to go with this gentleman to the Jew's where I once took you. Note the way carefully, for you will be obliged to return alone. And be careful to deliver to me a verbal message which the Jew will give you in exactly the words he uses."

"And if I get back first?"

"Quacco will be on the lookout and will let you in. And—take these; you may want them," handing Tom a brace of revolvers.

Tom's mind had reverted to Emilia the instant the Jew was mentioned, and he gladly seized an opportunity that might give him another sight of her.

Tom and the Exile—for so the reader has known him—started in the direction of the quarter where the Jew lived; the young fellow carefully conning the way as he proceeded, while his companion from time to time drew his attention to prominent land-marks that would assist his memory.

They reached the Jew's, and approached it from the rear, the Exile making use of the private entrance that was known only to three or four persons.

Entering by this, they had proceeded as far as the door of the middle room when a harsh voice called on them to surrender. So unexpected was it that even the Exile was taken aback. But it was only for an instant.

"Fly for your life!" he then cried in Tom's ear. "On—on—the way we came! Don't stop—on with you or we are done for!"

Amid the wildest confusion and a babel of voices, pistol shots rang forth in rapid succession.

"My heavens! I'm hit!"

So the Exile gasped.

Tom half halted and turned partially around, intending to assist his wounded companion.

"No—no!" cried the Exile. "Stop not or we are lost! I'm good for a brisk run yet! On with you—on—on—do not delay! I'll let you know when I'm used up!"

On Tom sprang. In less than a minute they were outdoors. Now the wounded man took the lead, and Tom flew after him, while a maddened, yelling crowd pursued, firing bullet after bullet at them.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A DYING WISH.

"You know me," said a hollow, sepulchral voice, as Radetsky seized that wasted, bony hand in both his own and pressed it warmly.

"I do," murmured the Jew. "Heaven be thanked that we have been permitted to see each other again. But my heart is sore that we meet with you looking thus."

"Help me to a seat," said the corpse-like individual.

"Lean on me," said the Jew, and he then assisted the other across the room to an easy-chair.

Then Radetsky again took from the cabinet that bottle of precious old wine and handed a glass of it to his visitor, whom he treated with a deference greater than he had ever shown toward any of those whom the reader has witnessed him brought into contact with.

A minute later Radetsky stood silently before his visitor, his head bent in a reverential way. He would not venture to break the silence until he was addressed:

"Radetsky!"

"What is it, master?"

"Is—Is—Emilia well?"

"She is."

"Is she here?"

"Yes, in this house," and the Jew's eyes were sparkling with gratification. "I have kept the oath you gave; I have been faithful to you."

"I knew you would be, Radetsky; although you are the only one of your race whom I should so trust. Do you think she will know me?"

Radetsky looked doubtful.

"First rest yourself, master," he said presently, "and tell me how you have reached here, and also how Roloff came to be intrusted with the half of the key."

"It is not a long story," was the reply. "Roloff and I, after years of watching and waiting, saw the opportunity to escape and seized it. We were pursued, and a bullet reached me."

"We kept on, however and gave the dogs a good race for it. Finally loss of blood made me so weak that I knew I could not sit much longer in the saddle. We were then some little distance ahead, and I called Roloff to a halt just as I fell from the saddle."

"I thought I must be dying, and having first bound Roloff by a solemn pledge, I intrusted him with the key and words accompanying it."

"Mounting regretfully, Roloff dashed away, and I saw him no more; and now only do I learn that what I hoped for was true—that he had successfully made his escape."

"Our pursuers failed to see me when they dashed by on horseback, for I had crawled into a clump of bushes. Here I remained for two whole days, hourly expecting to die, yet living."

"Animated by the desire to see my Emilia before I died, it has proved meat and drink to me, and inspiration to my waning strength."

"I had given everything to Roloff, and consequently have been almost a beggar since, and have nearly begged my way here. I was safe, I knew, for only the eyes of a friendship as devoted as yours could discover my identity in this wasted face. And besides, the mines—the blamed mines!—had altered me much—had bleached my hair, had half palsied one leg so that I limped. It has been a hard struggle, but here I am to see Emilia and then die."

"No—not die—but see her and by her be nursed back to life."

As the Jew said this the other sadly shook his head.

"No, that will not be. Death's hand is already heavy upon me. Take me to Emilia, or bring her here, for I am too weak to go farther."

Radetsky bowed and disappeared upstairs. He was gone about five minutes, at the expiration of which time he returned in company with the beautiful girl.

Emilia must have been prepared to some extent for what she was to see, yet she could not repress a shocked cry as her eyes first rested on that dreadfully emaciated face.

"Father!" she gasped.

"Emilia—my daughter!" he whispered hoarsely, and feebly stretched forth his hands.

She sprang to his side, put her arms about his neck, and kissed face and forehead and lips again and again. And then she knelt down before him, and chafed one of his thin, cold hands between both her own, while she looked lovingly up at him through the mistiness of her suppressed tears.

At last her father broke the silence.

"Emilia, do you like Roloff?"

"I have no reason to, father," she returned. "I barely know him now, although I remember as a child that I loved him dearly. I remember him as a big, bright boy, bounding through the spacious halls of our ancestral home."

"Should he ask your hand in marriage, Emilia, will you accept him for a husband?"

"Is it your wish, father?"

"It is. There are weighty reasons why I wish it. It is my last wish—my dying wish—my darling child."



"I promise you, father," said the dutiful girl, and the father blessed her in a hoarse whisper.

When he said that he did not expect to see the sun of another day he judged rightly.

Before the sun rose he had passed away, his last breath being drawn while his head was pillowed in Emilia's arms.

The next night the Exile and the general came in accidentally. Several others of the faithful had been summoned by the Jew, and by them the body of the "Count," as he had been familiarly called, was laid in a grave prepared in the cellar.

The grave was just being closed when Diabolus came in bearing the bundle containing the torpedoes.

These torpedoes Radetsky took charge of, and a few days later put them in hands where he thought they would be put to a good use.

Everything moved along quietly with him for some little time subsequent to the night of the "Count's" death. Emilia mourned her father's death, and Radetsky wore a sad look.

Then one night another alarm came, and this time there was no mistake. The Czar's officers were ordered to apprehend Radetsky.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### AN IMPORTANT TRUST.

Swiftly onward flew the Exile and Tom Hunt, followed by the officers of the Czar, who kept firing at them in hopes of bringing down the fugitives.

While the Exile kept on twisting this way and that, pursuing an apparently aimless course, he was in reality aiming in the direction of the spot where the Demon was lying.

He hoped, at first, to be able to reach her before he became exhausted and too much weakened by the flow of blood from the hole where the bullet had entered his body.

But his hopes were destined never to be realized.

"Quick!" he gasped, suddenly. "Your arms, Tom. My strength is failing me. So—steady now—keep right ahead, and let us go as fast as we can!"

Tom made no reply.

He could think of nothing fitting to say, and so kept silence while the Exile hurried on toward the river as swiftly as he was able.

He halted only when they stood at the edge of the river. One single moment thereafter he supported himself by clinging to Tom. Then he let go his hold and sank down on the river-bank.

"My day is done," he said, hollowly. "The sands of my life are nearly run. Quick, lad; sit down here beside me, and listen to what I wish to say."

Tom did as requested.

Tom bent close, and then the Exile, with an effort, drew from a secret hiding-place a narrow and bright strip of steel with one saw-like edge.

The reader will guess that it was the half of the key intrusted to him by the count when he supposed himself dying.

This the Exile placed in Tom's hand and solemnly charged him to be true to the trust then reposed in him.

This the young fellow promised.

Then the Exile briefly told him the history of the half of the key, and the manner in which it was to be used, afterward adding the words that went with it, and the manner in which they were to be given to Radetsky, the Jew, who held in his possession the other half of the key.

"Radetsky!" exclaimed Tom. "He has the other half?"

"He has. Be you as faithful to your trust as he has been."

"I will," was the firm reply. "And this key opens—what?"

"A box containing family jewels of priceless value, and documents which prove Emilia as being sprung from the loins of one who could have disputed the right to the throne of Russia."

The Exile spoke with singular vehemence, and every word carried conviction with it.

Suddenly the sound of pursuit was heard, and the Exile straightened up, bid Tom good-by and flung himself off the bank into the water. He was swallowed up by the waters.

With staring eyes Tom stood for a few seconds like one dazed, and gazed at the spot where the Exile had disappeared. But stare as he might, he never saw the Exile arise to the surface.

Tom swam out to the Demon and acquainted Captain Diabolus with all that had happened. The captain was greatly alarmed and ordered Tom to be prepared to go to Radetsky's house at a moment's notice.

"Escape is impossible! We are surrounded!" gasped the terror-stricken messenger, who had come to warn the Jew of his danger.

"Not so," said Radetsky. He led the messenger and Emilia to a secret retreat in the cellar.

Shortly after Captain Diabolus and Tom arrived at the Jew's and entered by a secret door. They found their friends in the cellar.

Captain Diabolus insisted on taking the Jew and Emilia to the Demon with him; so they went up into the house out of the cellar, where the Jew opened his safe and took out all of his valuables. Then they went out by the secret door and started for the shore. But before they got there they were met by a lot of police spies, who opened fire on them. Radetsky was shot, and died the next morning on board the Demon, which they had succeeded in getting on board of. Captain Diabolus sent the boat to Rouen, where the Jew's body was buried.

At Rouen Diabolus heard of the sudden death of the chief of the Czar's household detectives, he who had denounced Roloff.

Roloff's threats had not been in vain.

The death of Radetsky and the breaking up of the headquarters which his house had been was a sad blow for the Nihilists who sprung from the better classes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Knowing that he could do nothing now, Captain Diabolus took a gloomy pleasure in delighting Emilia, and rousing her admiration by showing her the many wonderful sights to be seen at the bottom of the sea.

In a few days he returned to Rouen to learn that the Czar had been killed in his carriage by one of Diabolus' hand-grenades. When Diabolus was told of it his face grew redder and redder until all of a sudden he threw up his hands and fell to the floor.

In the intensity of his feeling Captain Diabolus had ruptured a blood-vessel.

"Remember your oath!"

These were the only words he ever uttered after learning of the Czar's unhappy fate, and they were addressed to Tom.

No help could be given him, and Captain Diabolus was soon a corpse.

Defarge now removed the mask, and Tom for the first time saw the face of his captain.

"Great heavens!"

So Defarge gasped as he gazed at that face, and then sealed his lips.

With a fresh store of electricity, and leaving the body of Diabolus to be cared for by the inventor, Tom started for the United States, where he arrived in due season.

His half of the key was given to Emilia, who now had the other half, and the box was opened. The papers it contained, which proved her a princess, were committed to the flames, but the jewels were preserved.

"I am an American now," she said, when the last papers were in ashes.

And then Tom made bold to tell her of his love, and the day after their arrival in Philadelphia they were made man and wife, and Bill Brace signed the marriage certificate as one of the witnesses.

Quacco had been left on board the Demon, to which Tom was about to pay a visit one day, when suddenly a terrible explosion rent the air and sent a column of water shooting up toward heaven.

The papers afterward reported that a shock of earthquake had been felt, but Tom knew it meant the destruction of the Demon, there having been many pounds of explosive material on board.

Whether Quacco's carelessness was at the bottom of it, or whether he destroyed himself and the vessel on purpose, it is impossible to say.

It may have been the latter, for Quacco never emerged from a sullen gloom into which the death of Diabolus had plunged him.

And here our story ends.

Just one word more may, however, be added.

If you should visit Rouen, in France, before long, take a walk along the water side and keep a bright lookout for the weather-beaten sign of Defarge.

On almost any sunny day the queer little inventor may be seen sitting outside of his shop, contemplatively smoking, and perhaps—who knows?—planning out the construction of another Little Demon.

Next week's issue will contain "DOUBLE QUICK, THE KING HARPOONER; OR, THE WONDER OF THE WHALERS." By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.



## CURRENT NEWS

By putting a cow, three calves, a yearling bull and three pigs on beds in his home, Jacob Schmidt, a farmer, living near Los Molinos, Cal., saved some valuable stock. During the high water in the Sacramento River he lost seven head of cows by drowning.

William E. Valentine, of Indianapolis, widely known as a negro educator, was selected by the State Board of Education of Trenton, N. J., to succeed James M. Gregory as principal of the Industrial School for Colored Youths at Bordentown. He was born at Montclair and was graduated from Harvard. He is now a supervising principal of schools in Indianapolis.

A ten-year-old daughter of Thomas Hartford is fatally injured and Mrs. Thomas Poad is suffering from gunshot wounds. Both were sitting by a window in the Hartford home, Mineral Point, Wis., when a weapon was discharged outside. Thomas Poad, divorced husband of the woman, is being held, charged with doing the shooting.

The Washington county (Md.) school board, in order to put a stop to extravagant dress, has determined to require each member of the graduating class of the Girls' High School to make her own graduation gown this year with her own hands. The girls will have the assistance of Miss Elizabeth Brown, domestic science teacher. All of the gowns will be made of the same inexpensive white material, and there will be no elaborate trimmings.

Jim Robinson has passed his thirty-second day without food. He is an inmate of the county infirmary, Warsaw, Ind., and is under the care of Dr. J. C. Smith, county physician, who has tried every means to restore the man's appetite. Robinson, although greatly reduced in flesh, is still in good health. An occasional drink of lemon juice is all that has passed his lips. His long period of fasting has been due to the absolute lack of appetite.

While playing at "hunting Indians" on his father's farm, at Ashland, N. J., the other day, Arthur Hillman, thirteen, was shot dead by a small rifle. The lad was helping William Welch, a playmate, over a fence, when the weapon, which Welch was carrying, went off. Welch ran at once to his companion's father. Four other boys in the hunt were some distance away, and did not learn of the accident until they struck the trail in the snow and followed it to their dead chum.

For two hours and a half more than 100 men worked frantically to save the life of Roy Reidenour, of Owensboro, Ky., who was caught forty feet above the ground in a large tree, from which he was sawing the top. When the top of the tree was ready to fall Reidenour pushed his weight against it, but instead of falling, it slipped down the trunk of the tree, catching the young man in the

crotch of a tree limb. With nearly 3,000 pounds of weight resting upon him, Reidenour was held for two hours and a half while telephone linemen and men used to handling heavy timber worked to release him. When this had been done and he had been removed to a hospital it was found that he had been internally injured and there is little probability of his recovery.

It has been discovered in France that an excellent cement is one of the by-products of the manufacture of beet sugar. The scum that forms when the beets are boiled, and which has heretofore been thrown away, consists largely of carbonate of lime and water, and from 70,000 tons of beets treated 4,000 tons of carbonate lime is obtained; to this 1,100 tons of clay is added, the resulting product being 3,162 tons of excellent cement. The scum is pumped into large tanks, where it is allowed to dry partially. Finely-divided clay is then mixed with it; the mixture is thoroughly amalgamated by beaters for an hour and burned in a rotary kiln. The clinker is then removed and pulverized into cement.

Arrangements have been made to hold this year's "pan-ocean" telegraphic bowling tournament for the Colonel Robert E. Thompson trophy on Saturday, April 24. This prize is to become the permanent property of the club winning the competition twice, not necessarily in succession. The Illinois Athletic Club, of Chicago, and the Cleveland Athletic Club were the winners in 1913 and 1914, respectively. In order that all the teams may bowl simultaneously the Western teams will begin at 7 o'clock (Pacific time), the Rocky Mountain teams at 8 o'clock, the Central teams at 9 o'clock and the Eastern teams at 10 o'clock p. m. on April 24. All the team scores will be telegraphed to the New York Athletic Club clubhouse after the first five frames have been bowled and again at the finish of each game, and each team is to bowl three games. The final results will be announced by the committee on Sunday, April 28.

Sixty-two pedigreed Guernsey cattle, in a herd of 142, were killed recently on the farm of Ephraim T. Gill, a former assemblyman of Camden, N. J., at Haddonfield, N. J., by inspectors and veterinarians after they had discovered that the animals were afflicted with foot and mouth disease. The cattle were driven into a trench eighty feet long and seven feet wide and deep. It was intended to kill all, but as they could not all be put into the trench the rest had a respite. Among those killed were two bulls valued at \$11,500. Gill valued his herd at \$49,000, and will receive from the government \$42,750 for its destruction. He had his animals examined, but no signs of the disease were manifest then. A second examination brought to light traces of the disease in two cows, and soon after others were found to be affected. Gill conferred with the government officers, who condemned the herd.



# Jumping Jack, the Boy Acrobat

—OR—

## LEAPING INTO LUCK

By William Wade

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER V (continued)

He was not sure that he could make the leap.

It was a much greater one than he had ever essayed before.

But the single thought was upon his mind that capture meant death, and it was as well to die from a fall in the ravine as from the knife of a murderer.

So, instinctively, Jack measured the distance to the edge of the chasm with his eye.

He saw that the footing was good. Then he bent down and increased his speed.

The next moment he was the hero of an almost incredible feat. The two villains were compelled to pause and stare in wonderment at the spectacle.

Jack had calculated the distance to a nicety. All the elements of a jumper were embodied in him.

He dropped his hat.

His feet struck the verge of the cliff as light and springy as those of a panther. Out into the air he shot like an arrow.

Up, up, and then a mad reach of spasmodic straining of the muscles, and his feet struck the opposite verge.

It crumbled and he slipped half over the edge.

But he caught a tree root and pulled himself up. Instantly he was upon his feet, and he darted into the grove of pines beyond.

He was safe.

The two cracksmen could not hope to overtake him. It would take them too long to clamber down through the deep gully.

Jack, however, did not go far. He was breathing hard with his gigantic effort.

But he peered from behind a tree and saw the bank robbers hastily throwing the harness on their horse and preparing to flee.

A mild inspiration came to the young athlete.

If he could only turn the tables on them and deliver them up to the arms of the law, it would be a grand thing. He determined to try it.

But he proceeded with caution. He had no desire to fall into their hands again. He knew that another time and they would make short work of him.

His prowess as Jumping Jack had been the means of saving his life. If he had not made the leap, death would have been his portion.

Jack watched the two bank robbers with deep interest.

Then a daring resolve seized him.

Just above there was a bridge across the ravine. Jack knew that the villains must pass over this, for it was not likely that they would turn back toward Brownville.

So the young athlete proceeded to carry out his dangerous scheme.

He quickly made a detour which took him through the woods and brought him out upon the highway above the bridge.

He recovered his hat and concealed himself in a thicket.

He heard the two bank robbers grumbling at the horse. Then the sound of wheels was heard and they came out upon the highway.

Across the bridge they drove. As they passed Jack, the boy athlete darted out of the thicket and ran silently and lightly behind the wagon.

He was not seen, for they did not look back. This gave Jack the chance to carry out his purpose.

He grasped the tailboard of the wagon and swung himself under it and upon the cross tree. Then he twined his legs about this and locked his arms about the springs of the wagon. Thus he was safely under the wagon and out of sight of the cracksmen.

They drove on rapidly and soon turned into a lonely road. Over this the wagon-jolted heavily.

The noise of the wheels prevented Jack from hearing any of the conversation of the two crooks. He could only surmise what their purposes were.

It must have been four or five miles that the cracksmen drove on thus. They came now to a high hill and the horse was allowed to walk.

Jack was glad to avail himself of the opportunity of shifting his position. He let himself down and walked in a crouching attitude behind the wagon, so that he was unseen.

But neither of the crooks looked back. They were engaged in an animated argument. Jack could catch a few of their words.

But he was not so much interested in their wrangle of words as in a sudden brilliant project that had suggested itself to him.

In the bottom of the wagon lay the bag of stolen treasure. It was easily within Jack's reach.

With sudden resolution, the young athlete acted. He reached over the tailboard, lifted the heavy bag silently, and then he quickly darted into the bushes by the wayside.

Behind a great oak, Jack dropped the bag of money. He marked the spot by a quick glance at objects about and then ran for the wagon.

It had turned a bend in the road. Jack was out of sight, but a moment more he would have been in sight had it not been for a thrilling development.

He heard the team stop and a loud yell from one of the villains. A volley of oaths rose upon the air.

In an instant Jack darted into a thicket. He heard the loud tones of the bank robbers plainly.

"I tell ye, it's your fault, Moses; you didn't put the bag in the wagon."

"I never took it out, you fool," retorted David.

"Don't ye call me a fool! Blame ye! Can't ye see it is not here?"

"Well, it was when we left the ravine!"

"That's a lie. It is back there in the bushes. We are beaten. If we go back there that boy will have the officers down on us."

(To be continued)



# ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

## WOLVES PURSUE DOCTOR.

While Dr. Robert J. Goggins, of Oconto Falls, Wis., was returning from the town of Chase wolves started in pursuit. Lashing his horse he was able to keep ahead of them for a distance, but in front of the James McEwen farm, in the town of Morgan, one of them passed the buggy. When the electric lights on Main street, this village, were reached at 4 o'clock in the morning, the wolves stopped.

## MILEAGE IN NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The National League schedule for the coming season requires the eight clubs to travel 83,593 miles. The western clubs will cover more mileage than the eastern teams. Pittsburgh leads with 12,595 miles and the New York Giants have the least traveling to do, their total for the season being put at 8,825. Figuring on teams of 21 players and four others, including manager, trainer and secretary, this gives a total of 2,089,825 for the 200 players and others in the league. At 2 cents a mile, the minimum railroad mileage charge, the sum to be expended by the clubs between April 14 and October 7 will amount to \$41,796.50. Meals and sleeping berths will add many thousands to these figures.

## THE FATE OF THE KOENIGSBERG.

But little has been reported of the fate of the German cruiser Koenigsberg, which was forced to take refuge in the Rufigi River last October by the British cruiser Chatham. Owing to her greater draught the Chatham could not enter the river, and the German vessel was so thoroughly concealed by the surrounding trees and by being covered with foliage that her range could not at first be obtained. To meet these conditions a small crew from the Chatham took an English commercial steamer up the channel and sunk her where the hulk would effectually block the escape of the Koenigsberg. A damaged cable ship was also sunk in the channel. Shortly afterward an aeroplane was shipped to the scene of operations, and the location of the Koenigsberg was soon ascertained and the vessel entirely destroyed by the gun-fire of the Chatham. The German liner Somali, which acted as a supply ship, was also destroyed.

## WISCONSIN MAN STARTS PERSIAN CAT RANCH.

C. H. Pettingill, prominent business man and noted cat fancier, is to put this city on the feline map. Mr. Pettingill, who is engaged in the retail furniture business at North Fond du Lac, has already completed plans for a cat ranch to be inclosed with high fences to protect the pets from common tabbies and also from their arch enemy—the dog.

Mr. Pettingill has been studying the Persian type seven years and has owned a score or more. His most recent acquisition is "Jerry of Keewadin," a Persian aristocrat from the cattery of Dr. Haines of Pittsburgh.

"Jerry of Keewadin" is bred "in the purple" and is duly registered in the American Cat Association records. His sire is Teddy D. and his dam Daphne D., with a long list of Chicago Cat Show ribbons to her credit. Other ancestors include "Black Bill" and "Champion King Menelik III," and is expected to have an illustrious line of descendants that will help make Fond du Lac famous as a producer of aristocratic Persian tabbies.

## QUEER HAPPENINGS.

Hawk grabs Frank Meyer's hat as he rides on wagon near Patchogue, L. I. Bird is captured by another boy.

John Berry, Orange, N. J., admits being intoxicated for a year, and asks longer sentence. "All county can afford is thirty days," rules court.

Edward Chichester, garroted by thugs in Jamaica, L. I., loses hearing temporarily, and his vocal chords are paralyzed.

Henry Tolopke, of Portchester, a man with a broken back, now sits up in bed at Lebanon Hospital. Doctors amazed.

Defying hoodoo, Mrs. Hazel Seeley, West Pawling, N. Y., removes wedding ring. It falls into hot air shaft; workmen labor two days to get it.

Charles Newcomer, eleven, falls at Lancaster, Pa., and cut his throat on the projecting frozen ground, nearly bleeding to death.

John Barnes, of Yorktown, N. Y., visiting summer home routed two burglars who during their stay had eaten thirty jars of fruit and burned two tons of coal.

Highwaymen who neld up Valentine Romolo, of Ludingtonville, N. Y., not only took watch and money, but his trousers.

"My arm's lame, crank my car," says man in Thirty-seventh street. Peter Karber does it and is arrested as accomplice in auto theft.

Overcoat thief who pilfered in rector's study at Church of Ascension, Mount Vernon, is called "meanest man" and given two-year term.

Three-year-old baby cries "mans, mans," and frightens away burglar in home of John T. Nesenger, Palisade, N. J.

"Rattlesnake Bill" Van Horn, who catches snakes and sells their oil, has been banished from Newton, N. J., by Police Justice Whitney.

New York Central railroad filed \$100 bond to appeal decision awarded Edgar L. Ryder, in action to recover two cents extra fare collected on train.

Pungry, Gustave Schultz, Murray Hill, N. J., smells roast pork, hunts for it and finds own smokehouse afire.

"I leave nothing to my grandchildren—they have enough," reads will of Jacob Reiboldt, Newark, N. J., giving fortune to stepdaughter.

Mrs. Anna Schaatsenterg, wealthy widow, of Passaic, N. J., escaped sentence because she was first woman to appear on charge of driving automobile without license.



## FROM ALL POINTS

The Panama Canal has been closed to all but the lighter draft ships by a rapid slide of earth from the top of the Culebra Cut, at a point north of Gold Hill. A further slide is probable, but no serious tie-up is expected. Several vessels of 30-foot draft are being delayed for a few days. The present channel is sufficient for navigation by ships with a draft of 20 feet. It is not likely that ships of 30-foot draft will be able to pass through the canal for some time yet.

In Evergreen Cemetery, New Brunswick, N. J., is a new grave that will remain empty until the death of George B. Shann, of 261 Redmond street. It is next to the grave of his wife, whom he buried recently. The two graves are separated by an eight-inch brick wall. Mr. Shann is 77 years old. His wife was 74. They celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1910. When the grave was made for his wife Mr. Shann decided to have his own made at the same time.

Capt. Mike Burke, master of the Standard Oil Company tug No. 12, is responsible for a story to the effect that there is a seventy-foot whale amusing himself in Chesapeake Bay. On arriving in Baltimore with light oil barges in tow Capt. Burke reported having on his outward trip to Norfolk passed the big mammal at the head of the middle ground in the lower part of the bay. The whale, he said, was considerably larger than tug No. 12 and was in full sight of the crew of the tug for several minutes. This is the first time in several years that a whale as large as the one seen by Capt. Burke has been reported in the bay.

"What can I do to prevent tramps coming to my door?" asked a feminine voice over the phone at the Evanston police station. "I live over on Lake street, near Sheridan Road and the lake, Chicago. Shall I give them money?" "No!" thundered the desk sergeant. "If you do there'll be an army." "Well, I gave the first one a dime, and I saw him make a mark on the gate as he went out," said the woman. "There have been fourteen here since then." "Go out and rub the mark off the gate," advised the sergeant, "and give me your name and I'll—". But the woman had hung up the receiver and her identity was not learned.

It took twenty-two minutes of the time of an entire Municipal Court branch, including Judge J. Z. Uhler, a bailiff, a clerk, two lawyers, two witnesses for the defense and one for the complainant, to settle a suit for 50 cents in Chicago. Worth Allen, a lawyer, employed Mrs. Eleanor Winchell to search county records for realty holdings of a man whom he wished to sue. He paid her \$6 for her work. Then he declared, he learned she had charged him 50 cents for time used in checking up forbidden property. "It's none of my business," she answered, and her stenographer added a simi-

lar denial. She said she found this property didn't belong to the man, and that Allen asked her to verify it. That was what she charged him 50 cents for. "You lose," the court told Allen; "the \$9.51 court costs are charged against you."

Word was received by Mrs. Jennie Wolf and Miss Bessie Gordon, sisters, Chicago, that they had been bequeathed \$50,000 by a young man who, ill and hungry, knocked at their door four years ago and asked for food. William Popper, son of a Prague, Bohemia, art dealer, was the man whom they befriended. He told Mrs. Wolf and her sister that he was too proud to let his people know of his condition. He was given clothing, shelter and medical attention. In 1911 he returned to Bohemia, advising the sisters that when he died he would "remember them in his will." The sisters were notified of the bequest through Chicago attorneys commissioned by an attorney in Prague to find them.

Marquette is believed to have a musical prodigy in the person of Theresa Mahoney, four-year-old daughter of John L. Mahoney, and a pupil in the kindergarten of the Olcott school. The other day before her school teacher, a Marquette music teacher and a small assemblage, she performed the remarkable feat of playing with ease and expression the airs of several classical and popular selections. As she has never had a day's instruction, her performance was the cause of much astonishment. The child's playing is not that of the usual child with musical instinct, who picks out the air with but one finger. She uses all five fingers of the right hand, and when playing rarely glances at the keyboard. One person present merely hummed an air and the youngster played it without glancing at the keyboard of the piano.

Basing his estimate on the death rates of the Union army in the Civil War, the German army in the Franco-Prussian war, the British army in the Anglo-Boer war, and the Japanese army in the Russo-Japanese war, Edward Bunnell Phelps, editor of the American Underwriter, says that the loss by death in the present war will be 540,000 if the average number of men engaged during the year amounts to 6,000,000, which is something more than the total annual death rate for the entire adult male population of the United States. But this does not prove that the life of a soldier is much more uncertain than that of a civilian under certain conditions. Thus Mr. Phelps finds from the American Experience Table of Mortality that a soldier's chances of living through a year of the war are greater than those of a civilian for living from the age of 25 to the age of 36, from 30 to 41, from 35 to 45, from 40 to 49, from 45 to 52, from 50 to 56, from 55 to 60, or from 60 to 63 years.



# HURRICANE HAL

— 02 —

## THE BOY WHO WAS BORN AT SEA

By J. P. Richards

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER III.

#### A PROPOSITION AND ITS REJECTION.

In a few short moments the two vessels collided, and Trennell, easily recognizable by a blood-red scar right across his forehead, shouted savagely:

"Now, then, my bullies, kill, stick and burn 'em. Take that smooth-faced cub alive. He is my especial prey!"

"Kill 'em, said you, Bill Trennell?" roared old Joe Bilgewater, drawing his cutlas. "I know you an' some of your men, and for the forty years that I've been on the ocean, I never saw a more hang-dog lot!"

Captain Clinton's men rallied around him as the pirates poured over the side of the ship, the two vessels being now made fast with grappling irons, and a desperate combat at once ensued.

Suddenly the boatswain's pipe was heard, shrill and clear, on the Samar, and Hal shouted in a ringing voice:

"Fall back, boys, and we'll give these bullies a hurricane of fire!"

The sailors fell back and saw the long swivel gun aimed at the main body of the pirates, and Joe Bilgewater standing with a hot poker just over the vent.

The pirates uttered hoarse cries and tried to escape, but on the instant Joe clapped the hissing iron on the loose powder.

There was a flash, a puff of white smoke and then, as a column of fire shot out of the mouth of the cannon, a deafening report was heard, and then a dozen pirates fell.

"Seize that boy!" shouted Trennell, and a half-score of the pirates rushed upon Hal.

The fearless boy was a very hurricane of strength as he swung his cutlas right and left, not waiting to be attacked, but dashing fearlessly upon the enemy and meeting them more than half way.

Trennell himself, sword in hand, rushed upon the boy to cut him down, when Joe Bilgewater and Tom Clews sprang to Hal's side and defended him bravely.

"Take him alive. A hundred gold pieces to the men who take him alive!"

The black flag was now flying at the schooner's mast-head, and as the men saw it they set up a lusty shout and rushed pellmell upon Hal.

The boy fought bravely and cut down more than one of his foes, but they closed in upon him, being determined to take him, and in a short time he was surrounded and forced toward the schooner's rail.

Tom Clews and Joe Bilgewater tried to rescue him, and led a strong party against the pirates, it being impossible

now to turn the swivel gun upon them without injuring friends as well as foes.

Foot by foot Hal was forced toward the schooner, when, as they were lifting him to put him over the rail, Mary Clinton suddenly rushed upon the quarterdeck and shouted:

"Rescue him, men; rescue him! See there! A cruiser is coming. Help is close at hand. Fight these fiends until it reaches us."

All hands gazed to windward and saw not many miles away a fine ship showing the American colors, bearing down upon the scene of the combat.

From her general appearance they knew that she was a cruiser in search of pirates, and Captain Clinton and his men hoped that the sight of her would cause Trennell and his evil crew to take to flight.

There was a sudden movement on the part of the pirates, and then three or four of them dashed upon the quarterdeck and in a moment had seized Mary and carried her to the schooner.

At the same moment Hal was thrown over the rail on the schooner's deck, and Tom Clews and Joe Bilgewater suddenly found themselves made prisoners as the pirates retreated and the two vessels were cut loose from each other.

The schooner's sails filled at once and she got away quickly, the Samar, being in her lee, having no wind.

Away sped the pirate, but Captain Clinton fired a shot or two at her, and then hoisted his colors and started in pursuit.

He could not hope to overtake her, as he knew she was a speedier vessel than his own, but he did hope to harass her until the cruiser, which was quite as swift as the pirate, could haul up on her.

Every injury that Captain Clinton could inflict on the schooner made her capture all the more certain, and he therefore sent shot upon shot after her, hoping to cripple her and so prevent her escape.

The schooner did not return her enemy's fire, but kept right on as if trying to make the most of the wind and escape.

The cruiser was seen to be very speedy, and her crew handled her to the very best advantage, so that it was not long before she overhauled the merchantman and kept on in pursuit of the pirate.

Captain Clinton, standing on the quarterdeck with a brass trumpet to his lips, told in a few words what had happened as the cruiser passed within easy hail and then followed on as fast as he was able.

The pirate seemed to sail equally well in a gale or a light breeze, and before long, as the wind began to diminish, the difference between her speed and that of the cruiser began to be apparent.

The pursuer required more breeze than the fugitive, and the lighter the wind became the more she was at a disadvantage in continuing the pursuit.

At last, after a two-hour's chase, the wind grew so light that the cruiser's sails began to flap and she was obliged to take in some of them in order that the others might draw the better.

(To be continued)



## INTERESTING TOPICS

Frightened by the barking of a collie dog, which was awakened by the explosion of nitroglycerine placed in the door of a large safe deposit vault in the bank of West Salem, cracksmen after securing \$1,800 in postage stamps and \$800 in cash ran from the building and escaped. In their hurry they overlooked \$20,000 in cash behind a second door of the vault. A family living on the second floor of the bank building were not aware of the robbery until residents near by awakened them. A collie dog, about a block from the bank, began barking following the explosion and aroused residents in the vicinity. The cracksmen then fled.

As soon as the Germans had established a foothold in Belgium a full staff from their observatories was on hand to take up their work in observatories at Liège, Brussels and other places, where they have performed most efficient services for their forces by predictions relating to the weather, particularly in regard to fogs; and this information has been shown to have been of decided value both in the operations of the air fleet and to the submarines as well. This has been demonstrated by the results of the raids by the Germans on Scarborough and Harbrough, and the operations of the submarines in the channel, all of which have depended largely on fog conditions for their success. At these observing stations the weather men have not depended altogether on the equipment they found, but have supplemented that by improved instruments they brought with them, and by the use of the testing balloons which they have made use of extensively.

Jesse Hann, a patient in the Gallipolis State Hospital, Ohio, fell off a cliff a distance of fifty-six feet, going through a big tree which was growing in the rocks, bounced off a big boulder and rolled 100 feet more downhill, was hurried to the hospital and walked away when the attending physician's back was turned. Such is the report made by Dr. G. G. Kincaid, superintendent of the hospital, to the board of administration. Hann is a patient from Morgan County and was one of the men permitted to roam about as he pleased. Dr. Kincaid was on the scene of the accident within five minutes after it occurred and Hann was just recovering consciousness. He was taken to the hospital for an examination, but not from the operating table and walked out while no one was looking. The only injury sustained was a skinned knee, which he got when he passed through a big oak tree on his way down.

"Universal Rattlesnake Jim," who says he is on a barefoot tour of the world, was a Portland, Ore., visitor recently. He wafted in from Eugene, where he was entertained recently by the students of the University of Oregon. "Rattlesnake Jim's" real name is James Lauchlin Lone-leather, and he was born in Luzerne, Switzerland. His

father was an Ogallala Sioux and his mother a Swiss. The couple met in London while appearing in a circus. Jim left Luzerne April 6, 1897, and is due back April 6, 1920. In the last seventeen years he says he has traveled more than 123,450 miles barefoot. From Portland he will walk northward into Canada. He makes his living by working at manual labor and by giving Indian dances and Swiss yodling exhibitions. "What's the idea of this trip?" he was asked after he had picked out an easy chair and rested his feet on a convenient desk. "Three things," he replied. "A body immune to disease, adventures that could be gained in no other way, and an education that is not to be had at the best university in the world." Jim says he has never had a shoe on his feet in his life.

Little Louie von Ralen, of Glenwood City, Wis., has just received word that he has won a pony for securing the largest number of votes in a farm journal's subscription contest. What he will do with the animal when he gets it is a matter of speculation, as he is entirely without lower limbs, having been born that way about ten years ago. Notwithstanding his lack of natural propellers, he gets about with more than the average speed of boys by means of a roller skate strapped to a stump where one of his legs ought to be. He is an unusually kind boy for his years, goes to school, enjoys uniformly good health, and shows no lack of conscientiousness because of his unique physical condition. British discolors from new shoes are an unknown thing to him, and the dictates of fashion as to the correct length and circumference of trousers' legs have no interest for him. His people are substantial Germans, who see that he lacks for none of the things that contribute to juvenile happiness.

Owing to the fact that canary birds are extremely sensitive to the effects of carbon monoxide, the deadly "white lamp" of coal mines, they are now regularly used for detecting this gas in the workings of coal mines. This proceeding is rather hard on the birds, as they are immediately affected by gas in such small quantities that it cannot be detected in any other practical way, and they often fail to recover when gas in dangerous quantities is found. The extreme sensitiveness of the canaries to the effects of the gas was demonstrated recently when a canary bird and an inspector of the United States Bureau of Mines were shut together in a glass cabinet, into which a small quantity of carbon monoxide was piped. Without feeling any serious effects, the inspector was able to remain in the cabinet for eight minutes after the bird had died from asphyxiation. To save the lives of as many birds as possible in actual mine work a cage with an oxygen tank attached is now being introduced. This cage is made tight and has glass sides and a glass door, the door opening being secured. The door is left open while tests are being made, but as soon as the tests are completed the door is closed, and the birds are revived with the oxygen.



## A FEW GOOD ITEMS

### BIBLES SENT TO FRONT.

Distribution of Bibles in Germany, Austria and Bohemia has exceeded all records lately. Workers have discovered no fewer than ten different tongues in the camps and trenches. Great care has been exerted to keep from view all Bibles printed in English.

The American Bible Society is active in the field and has had some co-operation from the American board, of Boston, and the Religious Tract Society, of London. The British and foreign Bible societies have also been engaged in the distribution, workers in some cases traveling many miles to reach great numbers.

A depository for Bibles in Budapest has been exhausted. From Constantinople, one of the greatest agencies of the American Bible Society, no word has come recently.

### TYPEWRITER 200 YEARS AGO.

The typewriter is not such a modern invention as is popularly supposed. Two hundred years ago Henry Mill patented in London a writing machine, but it was so clumsy as to be practically useless.

Nothing more in the same line seems to have been done until 1829, says the London Chronicle, when the first American typewriter was patented; it was christened "the typographer." Four years later France tried its hand in this direction, while between 1840 and 1860 Sir Charles Wheatstone invented several writing machines.

It was not, however, until 1873 that the typewriter became a commercial proposition. This was invented by an American, C. L. Scholes, who interested E. Remington & Son, a firm of gun manufacturers, in it, and in 1874 it was put upon the market.

### THE SEA SERPENT.

The sea serpent is with us again. A monster of mystery, that appeared, so the story goes, 100 feet long, moved through the water with the convolutions of a serpent and carried 6 feet above the waves a formidable head with eyes like twin platters and a "waving mane," was reported from four places along the shores of Santa Monica Bay, Cal., recently. It is the latest and most startling fisherman's tale current at the local beaches.

It was reported first at Port Los Angeles, half a mile off shore. At intervals between which it would reasonably have covered the necessary distances, the "sea serpent" is said to have appeared later at Santa Monica, Venice and Del Rey. About dark it was reported off the breakwater at San Pedro.

Robert Van Wert of the Coast Hotel, Venice, was fishing on the long wharf at Port Los Angeles when he says he sighted the serpent. "The thing, whatever it was," he said, "slowly made its way south about a half mile off the long wharf. It carried a big head, with eyes like platters, about six feet above water. It slid underneath the water at intervals and when it rose it seemed that water shot

from its mouth. It had a mane-like seaweed that waved in the wind. Its ears were like shovel blades. The body was deep-green and seemed about 100 feet long and about six feet around."

Al Green, who conducts the bathhouse in the Municipal Pier at Santa Monica, watched a strange disturbance in the water through binoculars and declared it "a sort of snake."

The "monster" was seen, so 'tis said, by concessionaires and others off the Venice pier and later by fishermen at Del Rey. But nobody has caught the monster yet and none has met him face to face.

### MANUFACTURE OF OPTICAL GLASS IN AMERICA.

The glass used in this country for the manufacture of lenses is practically all imported except in the case of some of the smaller and cheaper lenses. For several years past the Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce has been endeavoring to persuade the glass manufacturers of the United States to take up the manufacture of this material, but they have been unable to do so, partly because of the limited quantity used as compared with other glass, but largely on account of the varying composition required and the difficulty of annealing the glass, as good optical glass must be entirely free from strain.

With a view to working out some of the underlying problems sufficiently to enable manufacturers to start in this matter, the bureau secured two years ago an expert interested in the composition and testing of optical systems, and a little later secured another man skilled in the working of glass to the definite forms required by the theory. These steps were taken, first, partly because it is exceedingly difficult to find men having these qualifications, but principally because, as the work of experimental glass-making progress, the glass must be put in the form of lenses and prisms to test; in other words, the bureau had to be in a position to examine the product, as it was made experimentally. In July, 1914, a practical glass-maker was added to the force of the bureau. He is a college graduate of scientific training, but skilled in the manipulation of furnaces, and is sort of a man to make progress at the present stage of the work.

Small furnaces were built and melts of a few pounds of ordinary glass were made in order to become more familiar with the technical side. A larger furnace has just been completed, which will handle melts of 25 to 50 pounds. The bureau is now making glass according to definite formulas, studying the methods of securing it free from bubbles, and other practical points. This is to be followed by an investigation of the method of annealing.

Several glass manufacturers have visited the bureau already for suggestions as to equipment for the manufacture of optical glass.



# PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1915.

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## BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

Princeton will offer a voluntary course in military training after Easter, according to an announcement made by the university faculty. This is the result of an investigation which has covered several months, and it has the vigorous indorsement of President Hibben. The course will consist of one hour lecture every week, a series of tactical excursions for about two hours every fortnight, and regular practice in rifle shooting over indoor and outdoor ranges. The work will be under the direction of army officers.

For the first time in history practically every window glass plant in Kane, Pa., will operate through the summer season. Some of the plants may be compelled to cease operations for six or eight weeks for repairs, but will resume operation as soon as they are completed. The great activity of the window glass trade is due to the war, the demand for glass for export shipments being the greatest in history. Much of the glass is being shipped to London, where it is being used for temporary barracks in training camps. Before the outbreak of the war Great Britain depended almost entirely on Germany and Belgium for glass.

Founders' Day was observed at the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, San Francisco, recently, many of the parents of the 200 pupils attending and inspecting the different departments. The new building, which has been constructed at the corner of Sixteenth and Utah streets, opposite the Lick School, with which the Wilmerding School has concurrent registration, was a point of much interest to the visitors. The work on this new building, a brick structure, 170 by 70 feet, three stories high, was done entirely by the students.

Sing Sing is to have a night school, at which the prisoners will be taught all the genteel arts, including shorthand, music, telegraphy, history, mathematics, literature and English. All of this was decided upon by a committee of prominent women and Warden Thomas Mott Osborne, of the prison, who invited the women to meet him and discuss the plans. The proposition was so favorably

considered that several of the women visited the prison, at which plans were formulated for beginning the work at once. Among the women present at the luncheon were Mrs. John H. Flagler, of No. 15 Park avenue; Miss Alice Preston, of Meadowcroft, N. Y.; Miss Jean Webster, the playwright; Henry Allen Jacobs, the architect, and F. M. Dick, a broker of this city. The plan has been received enthusiastically by the prisoners. It was expected that between forty-five and fifty would apply for admission to the shorthand class, but as soon as the matter was mentioned to the prisoners there were over 200 applications for this branch alone.

## JOKES AND JESTS

Customer--How are frogs' legs to-day? Dealer--Pooty lively, sir; they've jumped from 80 cents to \$1.75 a pound since yesterday.

New Office Boy--A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago. Editor--What did you say to him? New Office Boy--I told him I was sorry you weren't in."

Hortense--That Miss Tone goes a great deal by signs. Van Jay--Yes; but there is one sign I have never been able to get her to go by. Hortense--What sign is that? Van Jay--The ice cream sign.

Little Ethel (at her arithmetic lesson)--What's a "quotient?" Little Johnnie--It's what you get by dividing one number. Little Ethel--Yes. Then why don't they call it the answer? Little Johnnie--'Cause the word is too easy to remember.

"Be off with you, this minute!" said a well-known millionaire to a beggar. "Come now, my man, you needn't give yourself such airs! The only difference between you and me is that you are making your second million while I am as yet working at the first," replied the beggar.

Five-year-old Freddy was showing the minister about the place. His eyes frequently glanced up at the kind face, and then rested with a look of troubled inquiry on the pointed toes of the Piccadilly boots. Finally he blurted out his anxiety in the question: "Ain't you got but one toe?"

Nobody can deny that postage stamp collecting is a great help in teaching boys geography. Jack showed this at school when his teacher asked him where Nicaragua was and what it produced chiefly. "It's on page ninety-eight," said Jack, "and it produces more sets o' stamps than any other country of its size in the world."

"My good man," said the severe lady, "have you ever stopped to think how much money is wasted each year for tobacco and rum?" "No, mum, I hain't," answered the object. "It's a-taking up all my time jist now to figger out how many poor families could be supported on the price of the extra cloth women puts in their sleeves."



# THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

## JAPAN MAKING TOYS.

Remarkable progress has in recent years been made in Japan in the manufacture of toys for export and home consumption. In view of the fact that the war has practically cut off the German supply and that the demand for imported toys is keen in the British and American markets, the Japanese consuls stationed in various trade centers are unanimous in reporting that now is the time for Japanese toymakers to push their trade.

A government expert stated recently of all the manufacturing centers, Osaka stands foremost in making toys; Tokio, Nagoya, Kioto, Kanagawa prefecture coming next in the order given. No accurate statistics could be gathered as to the total value of toys produced, but it is roughly estimated to be about \$4,980,000 a year, of which Osaka produces over 30 per cent. Of the total amount produced over 40 per cent is for export to European countries, the United States, China, India and the South Sea Islands.

The toys exported to the United States and India are mostly those made of paper, cotton and antimony. Toys for China are similar to those intended for home consumption. The export of Japanese toys, insignificant as it is in amount, when compared with that of Germany, is, it may be noted, showing remarkable progress year after year. During 1914 the export of various other articles has tended to decrease owing to the war, but due to the suspension of the German supply the export of toys appears to have increased.

As to the recent conditions of the toy market, it may be noticed that, despite the general depression prevailing in other lines of trade, the demand for toys for export is as brisk as ever.

## INTELLIGENT DOG.

Joe Crowley, the village blacksmith of Kuckville, Orleans County, New York, has a dog that the summer residents are convinced can tell time and the seasons as well as put two and two together.

Nigger is just a plain dog of no particular breed. His home is a mile from Lake Ontario on a road that the cottagers take in spring and fall in going to and from their houses on the shore. All winter long Nigger sticks close to his master's shop. He makes no trips afield and shows no particular interest in those who pass along the highway.

At hint of spring he begins to watch out along the road. When the first cottager to arrive passes through the village Nigger apparently takes no notice of him and never follows him to the lake. But exactly at the time for the cottager's next meal, be it soon or hours after, the dog arrives at the spot far back from the cottager's home where the community refuse is temporarily kept and which he has not visited since the last season. He will not go near the cottages or make friends with the inmates all the summer, but they see him three times a day coming over the hill,

and by his appearance set their clocks or tell the cook it's past time for breakfast, dinner or supper.

On the day in the fall when the latest cottager closes his home and drives through the village to return no more that year Nigger stops. He never visits the lake again until spring, and then not until among the many who drive to and from the shore he recognizes some one who has a cottage there.

The moot questions in the colony are, if he cannot think how does Nigger know the exact hours his three daily meals should be ready for him a mile away, the approximate time of the year when they should be obtainable and the very day when it would be useless to go for them until the next season?

## ELASTIC-SKINNED MAN.

"Rubberneck Joe," the elastic skin man of the circus side show, his wife, Millie Equinus, "the lady with the horse's mane," and their baby girl are all patients at Bellevue Hospital, New York.

Joseph Cramer, as he is known in the walks of life far from the gaudy banners, has been operated on, the wife has pneumonia, while the girl, otherwise a perfect specimen of humanity, has skin affection.

Joe was taken ill in Natchez, Miss., last fall while on a tour with the Barnum & Bailey Show. He was taken to a hospital and operated on, later returning to his home, No. 155 Third avenue, New York City. The operation was not successful so he went to Bellevue, where another operation was successfully made by Drs. Keys, Mackenzie and Dawson.

His wife and daughter visited him daily and as he convalesced they spent the afternoons in the courtyard, the wife sometimes bringing along the second child, an infant boy. The other week Mrs. Cramer and the daughter were taken ill and forced to join the husband at the hospital.

Since 1879 Cramer has toured the world with circuses as a side show feature. His skin had all of the stretching propensities of gutta serena and while he "ballyhooed" himself he would pull out sections of his flesh and let it fly back with a rubberish smack. He says he first started his sawdust career as a clown and later, developing into a contortionist, discovered the strange condition of his skin. He says he cannot explain it and adds that the doctors do not attempt to.

Cramer claims to be the originator of the term "rubberneck," and, as its application is literal, he is entitled to the honor. He is a native of New York and fifty-two years old. He has crossed the ocean fourteen times, has made several world tours and speaks seven languages.

Joe coyly admits that his first sweetheart was Grace Gilbert, the bearded lady, now with the Ringling Show and who, according to Lew Graham, the undisputed authority on freaks, is now the wife of a Michigan farmer.

Joe is prosperous and owns a 40-acre farm near Lake Hopatcong.



## THE BURNING CIGARETTE.

The greatest trick joke out. A perfect imitation of a smouldering cigarette with bright red fire. It fools the wisest. Send 10c. and we will mail it. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**

## TRICK PUZZLE PURSE.

The first attempt usually made to open it, is to press down the little knob in the center of the purse, when a small needle runs out and stabs them in the finger, but does not open it. You can open it before their eyes and still they will be unable to open it.

Price, 25c. each by mail, postpaid. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**

## MAMA'S.

This interesting toy is one of the latest novelties out. It is in great demand. To operate it, the stem is placed in your mouth. You can blow into it, and at the same time pull or jerk lightly on the string. The mouth opens, and it then cries "Ma-ma," just exactly in the tones of a real, live baby. The sound is so human that it would deceive anybody.

Price 12c. each by mail. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**

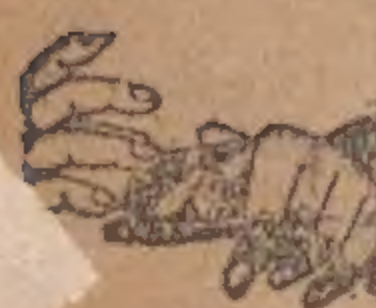
## IMITATION CIGAR BUTT.



It is made of a composition, exactly resembling a lighted cigar. The white ashes at the end and the imitation of tobacco-leaf being perfect. You can carelessly place it on top of the tablecloth or any other expensive piece of furniture, and await the result. After they see the joke everybody will have a good laugh. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

**H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

## THE TOM-TOM DRUM.



Hold the drum in one hand and with the thumb of the other resting against the side of the drum manipulate the drumstick with the fingers of the same hand (as indicated in the cut). With practice it is possible to obtain as great skill as with a real drum. The movable sounding board can be adjusted for either heavy or light playing. They are used extensively in schools for marching.

Price, 10c. each, delivered free.

**C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.**



**TRICK COIN HOLDER.**—The coin holder is attached to a ring made so as to fit anyone's finger. The holder clasps tightly a 25c. piece.

When the ring is placed on the finger with the coin showing on the palm of the hand and offered in change it cannot be picked up. A nice way to tip people. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c. each.

**H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

## TRICK CIGARETTE BOX.



This one is a corker! Get a box right away, if you want to have a barrel of joy. Here's the secret: It looks like an ordinary red box of Turkish cigarettes. But it contains a trigger, under which you place a paper cap. Offer your friend a smoke and he raises the lid of the box. That explodes the cap, and if you are wise you will get out of sight with the box before he gets over thinking he was shot.

Price, 15c., postpaid.

**WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**



**THE PRINCESS OF YOGI CARD TRICK.**—Four cards are held in the form of a fan and a spectator is requested to mentally select one of the four. The cards are now shuffled and one is openly taken away and placed in

his pocket. The performer remarks that he has taken the card mentally selected by the spectator. The three cards are now displayed and the selected card is found to be missing. Reaching in his pocket the performer removes and exhibits the chosen card.

Price, 15c.

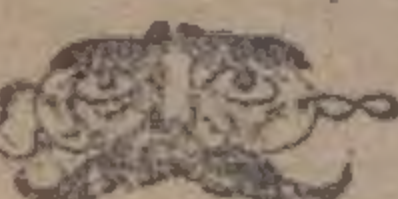
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Fat and lean funny faces. By looking in these mirrors upright your features become narrow and elongated. Look into it sideways and your phiz broadens out in the most comical manner. Size 3 1/2 x 2 1/4 inches, in a handsome imitation morocco case.

Price, 10c. each, postpaid. **C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.**



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Half-face masks with movable noses. A distinct novelty which will afford no end of amusement. They come in 6 styles, each a different face, such as Desperate Desmond, etc., and are beautifully colored and splendidly finished, with patent eyelets to prevent tearing. Price 15 cents apiece, by mail, postpaid.

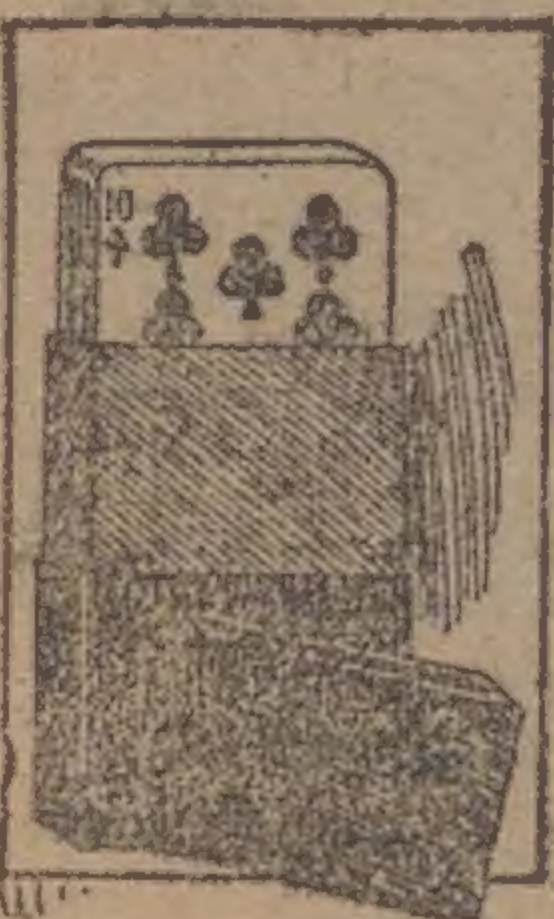
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## HUMANATONE.

The improved Humanatone. This flute will be found to be the most enjoyable article ever offered; nickel plated, finely polished; each put up in a box with full instruction how to use them. Price, 18c., postpaid.

**FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.**



**VANISHING PACK OF CARDS.**—You exhibit a neat black card case, you request from the audience a ring, a watch, bracelet, or other jewelry articles. You propose to fill the case with a pack of cards. After doing so, the pack of cards disappear from the case, and the jewelry novelties appear instead. Price by mail, postpaid, 85c.

**WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**

## NORWEGIAN MOUSE.



A very large gray mouse, measuring 8 inches from tip of nose to end of tail. The body of mouse is hollow. Place your first finger in his body, and then by moving your finger up and down, the mouse appears to be running up your sleeve. Enter a room where there are ladies, with the mouse running up your sleeve, and you will see a rapid scattering of the fair sex. Many practical jokes can be perpetrated with this small rodent.

Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. mailed, postpaid. **C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.**

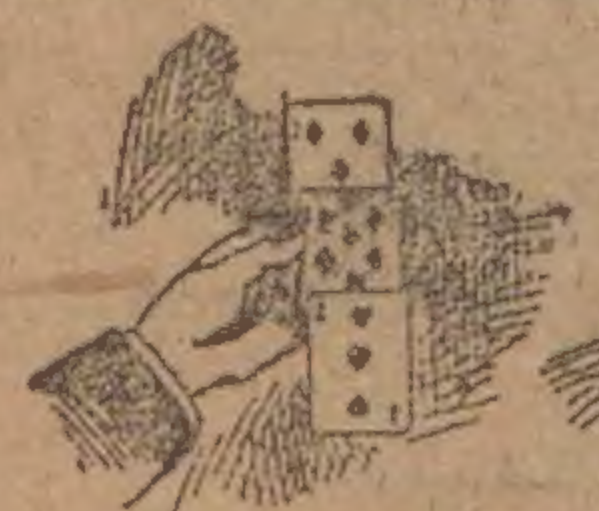
## THE AUTOMATIC RUNNING MOUSE



This mouse is so nearly a perfect imitation of the live animal as to not only deceive the ladies, but to even deceive the

cat. Inside each mouse is a set of clock work which you wind up with a key, then place the mouse on the floor and it will run rapidly in every direction in a circle across the floor backward and forward as if to get away. Suddenly set it agoing in a room where there are ladies, and you will have the fun of hearing them scream and jump upon the chairs to escape the little rodent. This mechanical mouse is well worth 50c., but we will sell it for 30c., and send it by mail postpaid.

**WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**



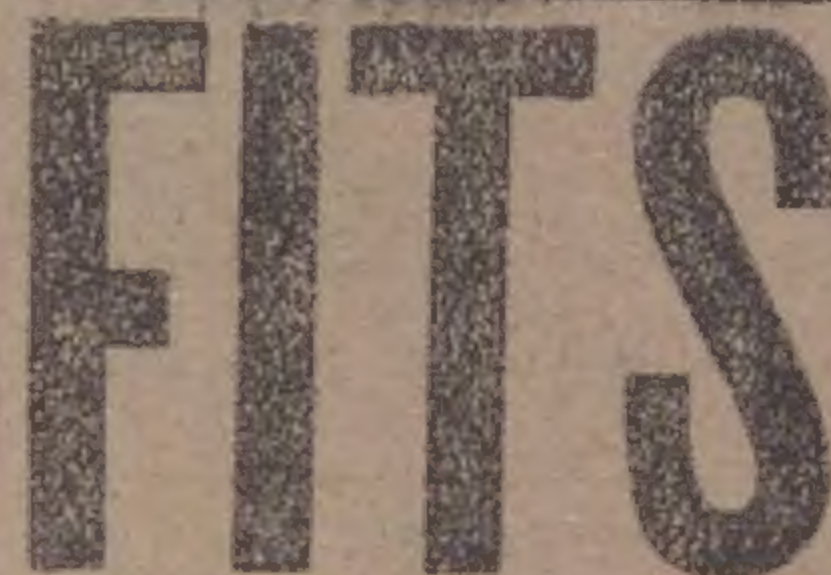
**THE DEVIL'S CARD TRICK.**—From three cards held in the hand anyone is asked to mentally select one. All three cards are placed in a hat and the performer removes first the two that the audience did not select and passing the hat to them their card has mysteriously vanished. A great climax; highly recommended. Price, 15c.

**FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.**

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**Ventriloquist's Double Throat** Fits roof of mouth, always invisible, greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Sing like a canary; whine like a puppy; crow like a rooster, and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. **LOADS OF FUN.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents. 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents.

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Pack of \$1,000 Stage Bills, 10c; 3 packs, 25c. Send for a pack and show the boys what a WAD you carry. **C. A. NICHOLS, JR., Box 90, Chili, N. Y.**



## POCKET WHISK-BROOM

This is no toy, but a real whisk-broom, 6 1/2 inches high. It is made of imported Japanese bristles, neatly put together, and can easily be carried in the vest pocket, ready for use at any moment, for hats or clothing, etc. Price 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

**C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.**



**JUMPING CARD.**—A pretty little trick, easy to perform. Effect: A selected card returned to the deck jumps high into the air at the performer's command. Pack is held in one hand. Price of apparatus, with enough cards to perform the trick, 10c.

**C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.**



#### TRICK CUP.



Made of natural white wood turned, with two compartments; a round, black ball fits on those compartments; the other is a stationary ball. By a little practice you make the black ball vanish; a great trick novelty and immense seller.

Price, 10c., postpaid.  
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### PIN MOUSE.



It is made of cast metal and has the exact color, shape and size of a live mouse. Pinned on your or somebody else's clothes, will have a startling effect upon the spectators. The screaming fun had by this little novelty, especially in the presence of ladies, is more than can be imagined. If a cat happens to be there, there's no other fun to be compared with it.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.  
FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

#### NEW SURPRISE NOVELTY.



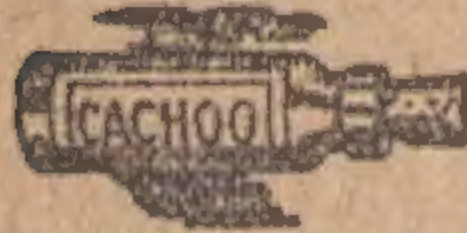
Foxy Grandpa, Mr. Peewee and other comical faces artistically colored, to which is attached a long rubber tube, connected with a rubber ball, which can be filled with water, the rubber ball being carried in the pocket, a slight pressure on the bulb causes a long stream, the result can easily be seen.

Price, 15c.,

Postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

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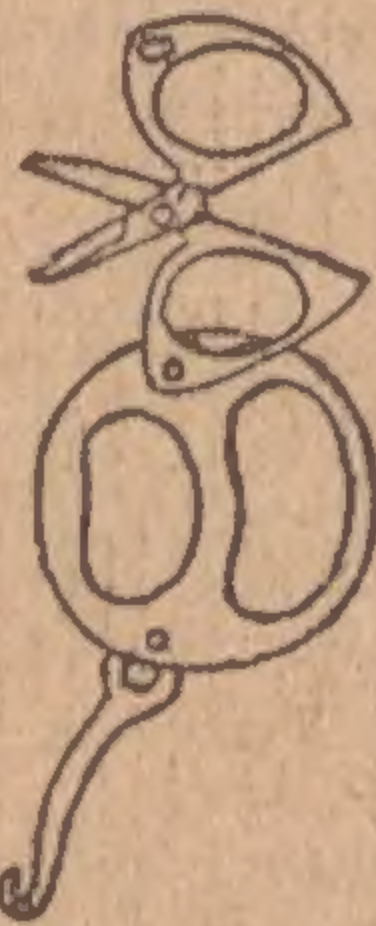
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